

The TATLER



MAY 7. 1958

& BYSTANDER



BRIDE & HOME
NUMBER — 2/-

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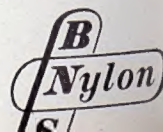


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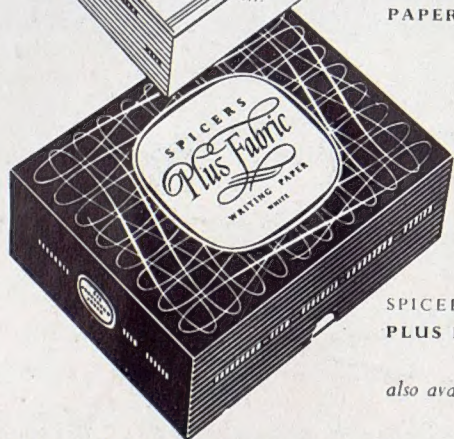
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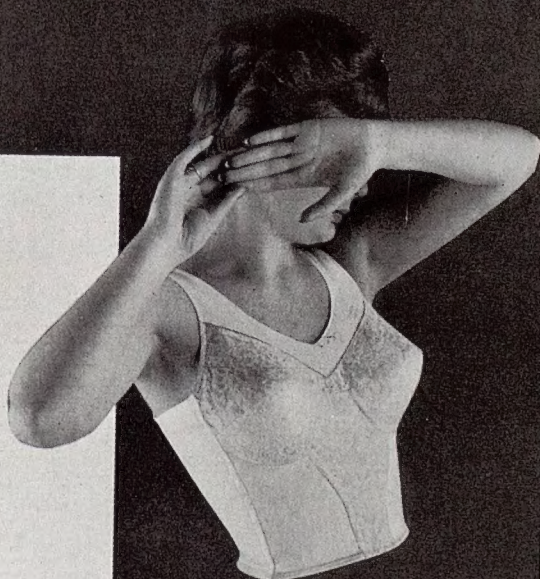
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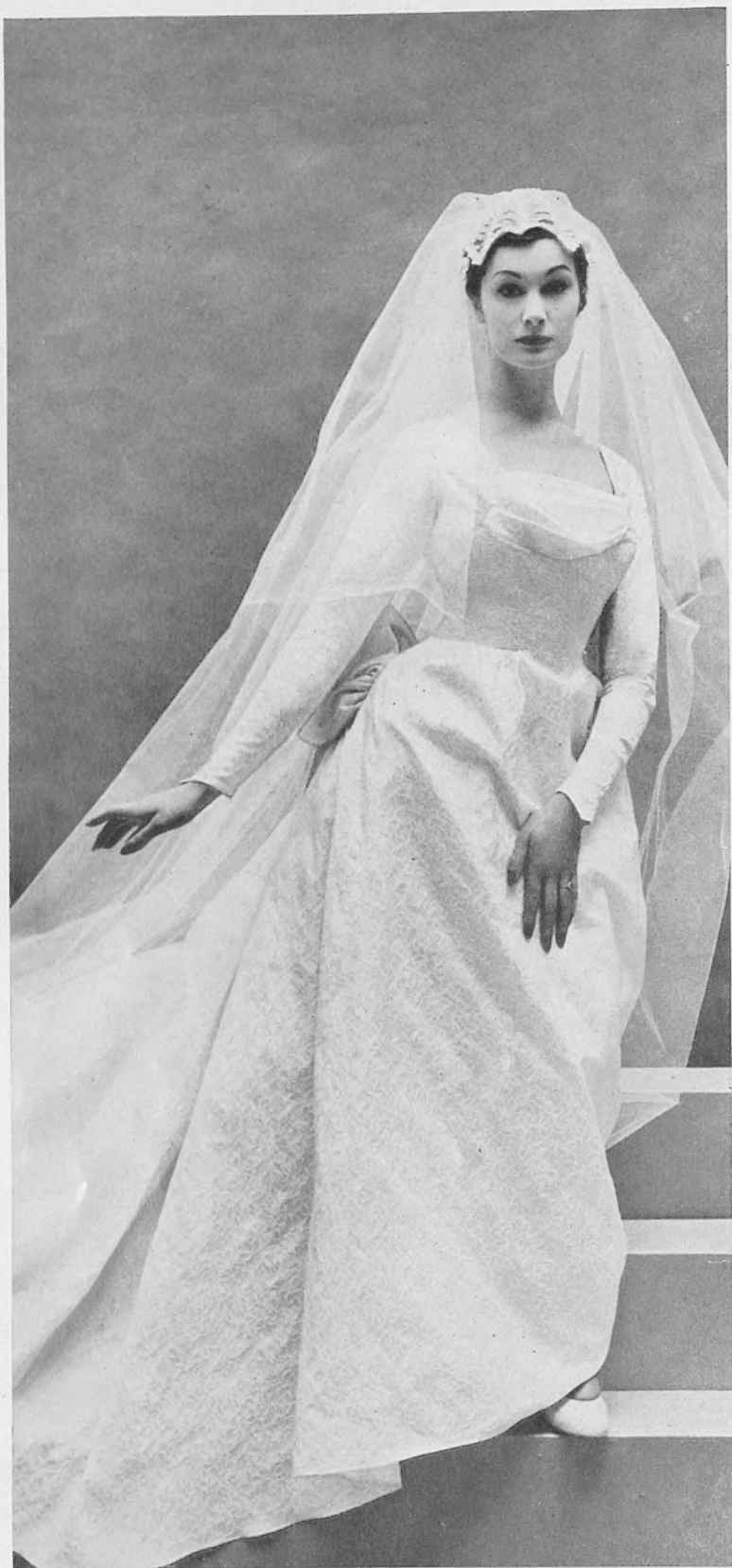
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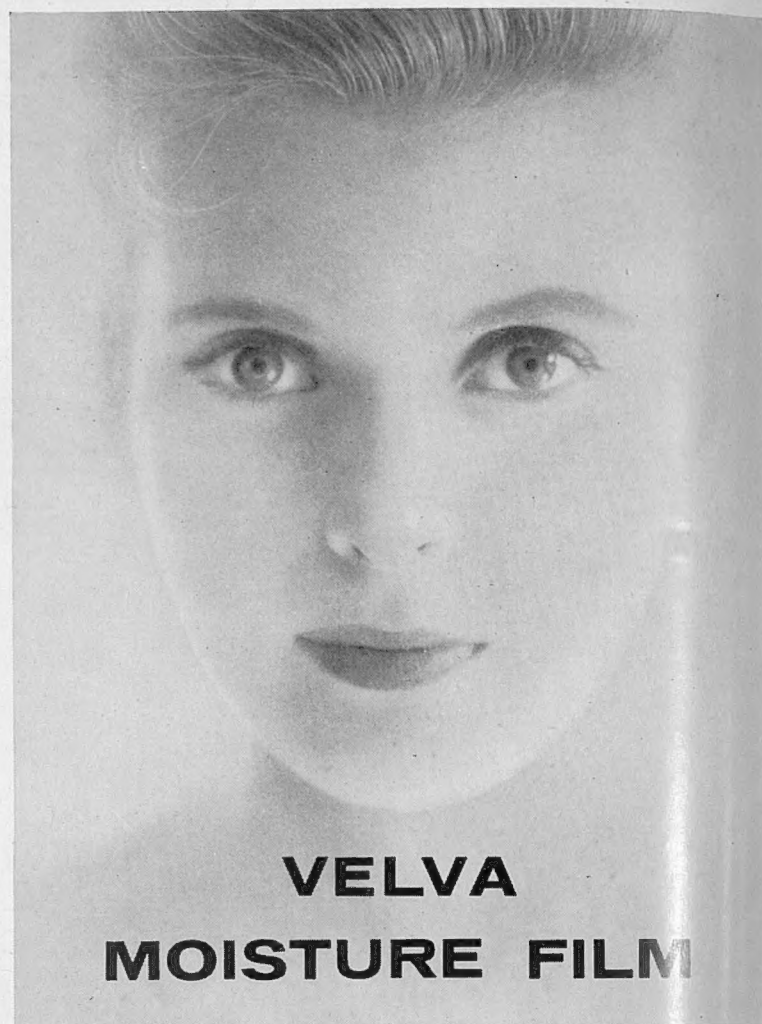
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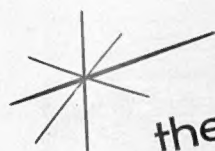


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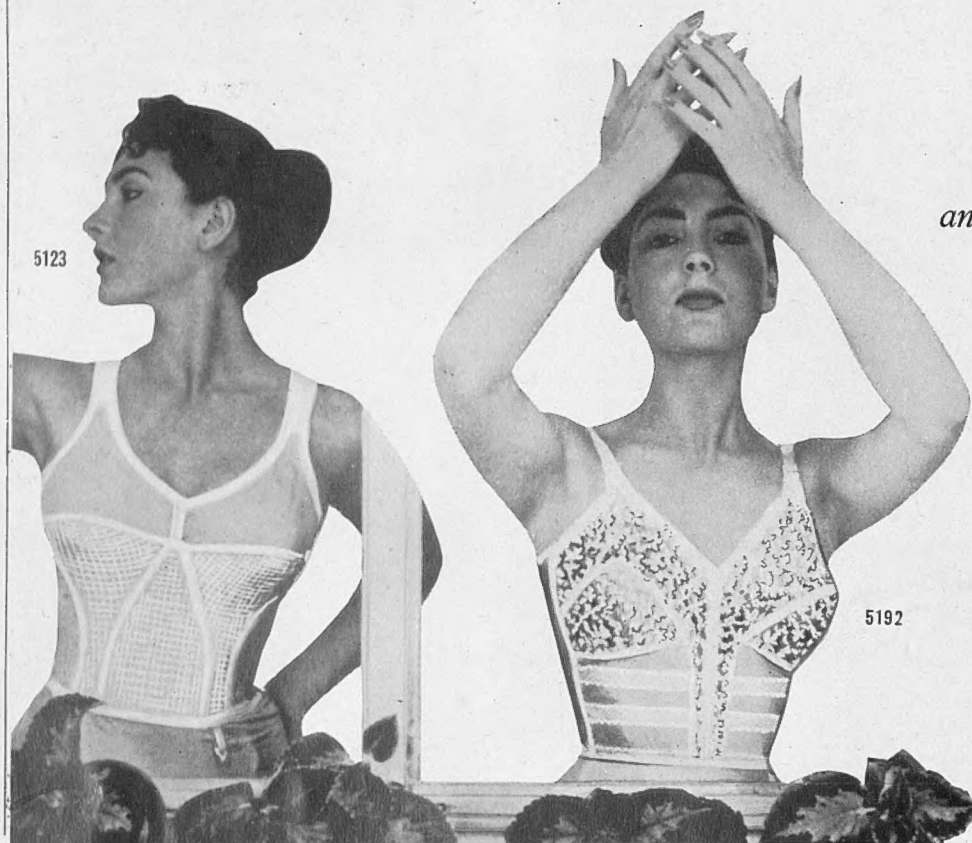
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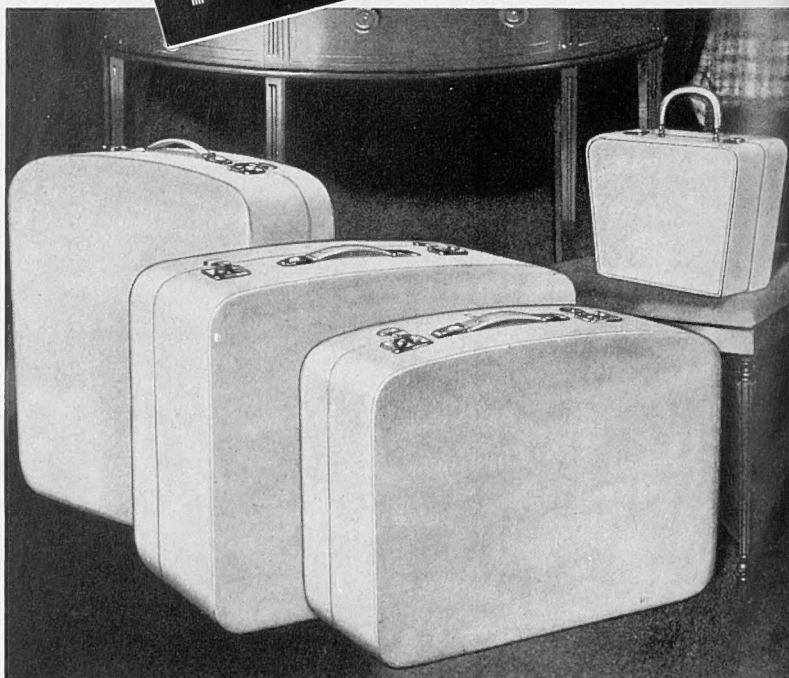
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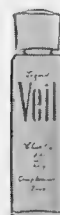
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*Mark VIII Saloon*

Opera in Britain

Next week's issue will contain an article on opera and its prospects in this country by the leading operatic critic SPIKE HUGHES. There will also be a profile of the PRESIDENT OF ITALY, who is coming to Britain on a state visit



AND SUDDENLY it's all so nice: The folks are throwing shoes and rice. . . . Like the popular song this picture captures the excitement of the moment. The bride steps out after the ceremony, and the word "radiant" springs to every lip. It is usually the right word for once, too. This issue is dedicated to the Bride and her Home

D I A R Y of the week

FROM 8 MAY TO 14 MAY

THURSDAY 8 MAY

First Night: Terence Rattigan's *Variation On A Theme*, Globe Theatre.

Ballet: Robert Helpmann, as guest artist, and Margot Fonteyn dance *Les Sylphides* and *Petrushka* with The Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

Concert: The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with David Oistrakh as violin solo, Knushevitsky on the 'cello, and Oborin at the piano, at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Chester.

FRIDAY 9 MAY

Aviation: International Air Rally (organized by the Channel Islands Aero Club) at Jersey Airport, St. Peter. Continues until Sunday.

Royal Visit: The Queen & Prince Philip visit Leicester and Leicester University.

Racing at Kempton Park.

SATURDAY 10 MAY

Horse Trials: Tidworth One-Day event in the grounds of Tidworth Park.

Point-to-Point: Fernie (Dingley).

Polo: First rounds of the Leaf Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Concert: Sir Arthur Bliss and Edouard Van Remoortel conduct the London Symphony Orchestra at Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Kempton Park, Beverley, Worcester, and Hamilton Park.

SUNDAY 11 MAY

Polo: Semi-finals of the Victoria Cup at Windsor. Final of the Tyro Cup at Cowdray Park.

MONDAY 12 MAY

Royal Visit: Princess Margaret attends an evening reception at the Mansion House on her return from the West Indies.

Racing at Alexandra Park, Hamilton Park, and Birmingham.

TUESDAY 13 MAY

Concert: With Gerald Moore at the piano, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sings at Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

State Visit: The Italian President begins his state visit to Britain.

WEDNESDAY 14 MAY

Recital: Claudio Arrau at the piano in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Ripon, Bath and Newmarket.

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The TATLER

BY SYDNEY L. BENDER

Vol. CCXX No. 2965

7 May 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



A. V. Swaebø

BRIDE & HOME NUMBER

Spring wedding

THE FORMER LADY ANGELA CECIL, who has just returned from her honeymoon in Spain, is making her home in Montagu Square, where she will live in a maisonette. She was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. William Richard Michael Oswald.

Her husband is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Hugh Oswald of St. George's Hill, Weybridge. He is an executive with Erlanger's bank in Moorgate. Lady Angela Oswald is the youngest of the three daughters of the Marquess of Exeter (Lord Burghley of Olympic fame) and his first wife, Lady Mary Burghley. She is also a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, who attended the wedding with the Duke and their sons, Prince William and Prince Richard.

This picture was specially taken for The

TATLER's Bride & Home number. It shows Lady Angela at the final fitting in Motcomb Street two days before the wedding. Her gown of French lace was designed for her by Belinda Belville. At the wedding she wore family jewels—a Buccleuch tiara and an Exeter diamond necklace.

Lady Angela, 21, speaks French, Italian and German, and has travelled widely. She has visited Bermuda, the United States and Canada, spent a year in Switzerland and six months in Paris. She has been a keen stamp-collector since she was a schoolgirl and her collection now includes stamps sent to her from all over the world. This interest is shared by her husband.

For pictures of other spring brides see next page.



McEwen—Hofmannsthal

Miss Romana Von Hofmannsthal, daughter of Mr. R. Von Hofmannsthal, of Connaught Square, London, married Mr. Roderick McEwen, son of Sir John & Lady McEwen, Marchmont, Berwickshire, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick St.

Bonnor-Maurice—Leighton

Miss Lavinia Leighton, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Sir Richard Leighton, Bt., & of Lady Leighton, Loton Park, Shropshire, married Captain Edward Bonnor-Maurice, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Bonnor-Maurice, Llanfechain, Montgomeryshire, at St. Michael & All Angels' Church, Alberbury, Shropshire



Luckock—Forster

Miss Tessa Jane Forster (left), daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Forster, of Ashton House, Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire, married Mr. Thomas Henry Luckock, Welsh Guards, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Luckock, Hormead Hall, Buntingford, Herts, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly

Studd—Leveson-Gower

Miss Anastasia Leveson-Gower (right), only daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Leveson-Gower, The Green, Cotherstone, Co. Durham, married Mr. Robert Kynaston Studd, eldest son of Sir Eric & Lady Studd, Tenchleys Park, Limpsfield Chart, Surrey, at Manfield Church, Yorkshire



Olphert—Radley

Miss Delphine Elizabeth Radley, daughter of the late Brigadier H. P. Radley, and of Mrs. G. B. Fyldes, The Old Malt House, Bosham, married Major Wybrant Olphert, of Farnham, Surrey, the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Olphert



MacDonald Milner—Gausson

Miss Angeline P. Gausson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. A. C. Gausson, Andoversford, Glos, married Captain D. C. MacDonald Milner, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. C. Milner, Wotton-under-Edge, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Gray—Carlisle

Miss Diana Mary Carlisle, daughter of Captain & Mrs. F. M. Carlisle, Pyt House, Ashampstead, Berkshire, married Major Alexander Harry Gray, Grenadier Guards, the son of Sir Alexander & Lady Gray, of Leyfields, Ashampstead

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Square-dancing at an Allied ball

by JENNIFER

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, attractive in a blue dress, attended the International Ball at the Dorchester; certainly the most glamorous ball, and the gayest, held this year. There were a number of beautiful women present, most of them wearing lovely dresses for the occasion, and everyone seemed in scintillating form. The joint-chairmen, Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, elegant in cerise-coloured chiffon, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, lovely in white with turquoise and diamonds, must have been delighted at the success of the evening. It will no doubt raise a good sum for the Allied Circle, which does so much to further good relations between the peoples of various countries. During the evening a good concert was given by two Hungarian dancers and a youthful group of American square-dancers.

Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present; among them the French Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, the Turkish Ambassador, the Luxembourg Ambassador & Mme. Clasen, and the Philippine Ambassador & Mme. Guerrero. The latter were at Viscount & Viscountess Melchett's long table, which they shared with Mr. Clore. Lady Melchett's other guests included Viscount & Viscountess Lewisham, Lady Carey Coke, Lord & Lady Killearn, Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Kinsman and Lord & Lady Aberdare.

The Mayor of Westminster & Lady Norton were sitting at the same table as Princess Alexandra, where other guests included the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Lord Chancellor & Viscountess Kilmauir, and Commander & Mrs. Alan Noble. Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, in violet chiffon, Sir Henry ("Chips") Channon, Princess Joan Aly Khan and the Aga Khan were at the Duchess of Buccleuch's table, and near by I saw the Duchess's younger daughter Lady Caroline Gilmour and her husband with a big party, which included Viscount Hambleden and his beautiful Italian-born wife.

An amusing moment, noticed only by a few guests, was when Florence Desmond did an impromptu square dance for a few moments at the end of the room with Margot Fonteyn who looked charming in black. Margot Fonteyn was at a table with Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Capt. & Mrs. Christopher Soames, the latter in a white tulle, Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe and Mr. J. Patino. Sir Weldon & Lady Dalrymple-Champneys were in Mme. Prebensen's party and others I saw enjoying this good ball were Miss Evie Prebensen, attractive in green, Lord & Lady Kilmarnock, Viscount Astor, Lady Moyra Hamilton, and Countess Jellicoe, who was in the Turkish Ambassador's party and wearing a beautiful crinoline of cream lace and black velvet.

I enjoyed this mixture

Mrs. McNeil Robertson, vice-chairman and founder of the Allied Circle, and Lady Evelyn Jones, a very live member of the Allied Circle committee, who had both also worked indefatigably for the success of this event, were there, also the chairmen of the Allied Circle in Norway and Holland, Mr. Arne Ellingsen, who spent some of the war years in England and was an original member of the Circle, and Mr. van Geuns.

Earlier in the evening I had been to the Apollo Theatre for the first night of *Duel Of Angels* (see Anthony Cookman's review on page 306). This moving play by Jean Giraudoux, with its theme of vice versus virtue, has been beautifully translated from the French by Christopher Fry and well produced by Jean-Louis Barrault with enchanting décor by Roger Furse and costumes designed by Christian Dior, a mixture I found very enjoyable!



Desmond O'Neill

THE ASCOT JUMPING SHOW

The Ascot Show was the first big jumping show of the season. Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Princess Anne saw the Pony Club Mounted Games regional competition for the Prince Philip Cup. Above: Miss Pat Smythe, Col. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, trainer of the British Olympic jumping team, and the Duchess of Norfolk, who organized the show



Lady Jennifer Bernard with Lady Frances Bernard and Miss Maxine Doyne-Ditmas, who competed in the Mounted Games



There were 1,600 entries for the show. Above: Miss Belinda Loyd, a former débutante, with Border Chimes



Mr. Peter Robeson, of the British Olympic team, with his wife and Lady Mary Rose Williams



Capt. H. Dawney, 10th Hussars, with the Duke of Beaufort who judged the working hunters



Arriving at the St. George's Day dinner (l. to r.): the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Denis Truscott), Lady Plender, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lady Truscott (see Jennifer's account opposite)

Van Hallen

In the audience I saw the Earl & Countess of Drogheda, Lady Pamela Berry escorted by Mr. Hardy Amies, Sir Michael & Lady Balcon, Dr. & Mrs. Thompson Hancock, and John Mills and his wife, Mary Hayley Bell.

Before the theatre I had looked in at two gay cocktail parties for débutantes. The first one was given by Mrs. Versen for her daughter Alexandra, an attractive girl who was in light blue. She is having her dance at Englefield Green on the Tuesday of Royal Ascot week. Mr. & Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo lent their house in Hill Street for this party and though I arrived early, the large, panelled dining-room was already filling up with happy young faces and conversation was buzzing. Mr. & Mrs. de Laszlo, who have a delightful young family themselves, were both there quietly introducing young friends, and I met their eldest son Mr. David de Laszlo who was on holiday from Gordonstoun.

From here I went on to the Monkey Club in Pont Street where Mrs. Claude Blease was giving an enjoyable party for her daughter Miss Joanna Blease, who is studying at the Monkey Club during her season. Her elder brother Mr. Kit Blease, who is doing his National Service with the 14/20th Hussars, was home from Germany for the occasion. I met Mrs. Bickford and her son and daughter David and Rosemary among the large number of friends enjoying this pleasant occasion. Others included Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Miss Annabelle Greene, Miss Juliet Hatherall, Miss Joanna Price and Mr. Bill Godfrey.

Another good party I went to this week was given by Mr. Charles Harding, who runs the Trafford Galleries so well, at his charmingly decorated flat in Cadogan Square. It was a delightful spring evening and many guests went out on to the balcony, which he has made gay with cinerarias and comfortable with garden chairs. Among friends I met here were the Duke of Bedford, whose wife had remained at Woburn where she had young members of the family home for the school holidays. Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, M.P. for Knutsford, had got away from the House for a short while with his wife, and was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston and Miss Rosie Newman. Tall, good-looking Mrs. Schwartz was talking to Mr. & Mrs. Gage,

and near by Mrs. Peter Laycock and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were chatting. I also met Princess Galitzine, Mr. & Mrs. Raresby Sitwell, Mrs. Peter Hare just back from Florence, and Mr. & Mrs. Vane Ivanovic who have recently been on a flying visit to the Far East.

Fine horsemanship at Ascot

I went down to Ascot for the first day of the Three-Day Ascot Jumping Show on the lawns of Ascot racecourse. There were three show rings and adequate seating accommodation, with the existing stands and benches arranged around the ringside for a great number of spectators. The classes were continuous in all three rings and I found them all up to schedule. The whole show was the last word in efficiency. Much of the credit for this must go to the Duchess of Norfolk, who worked tirelessly for the success of the Show, and her daughter Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, who

was the honorary secretary. They no doubt had much wise advice and guidance from the Duke of Norfolk, who was President of the Show; he of course knows every inch of Ascot racecourse, for which he is the Queen's Representative.

During the Show the Duchess was continuously moving around to ensure that everything ran smoothly, and before one of the jumping competitions I noticed her walking from jump to jump with Col. "Mike" Ansell, chairman of the B.S.J.A. Major-General Guy Dawnay, the Clerk of the Course at Ascot, and Brigadier J. R. Allen were joint-directors of the Show with the Duchess.

I watched a working hunter class in Ring No. 2 being judged by the Duke of Beaufort and Col. "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby. This was won by Miss Sue Whitehead on Manlicon with Miss Jennifer Johnson on Astra second, and Major G. G. R. Boon on Mercury VIII third. At the same time in Ring No. 1 Major-General Dawnay, Col. Gerald Critchley and Brigadier J. R. C. Gannon were judging a very strong class of polo ponies which had over thirty entries. Simultaneously in Ring No. 3, which is nearest the Golden Gates, dozens of young riders were taking part in Pony Club mounted



At the Débutante Dress Show (page 292) the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, 18, was one of the models. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Hindlip



Mr. Hugh Smyth and Sir Harry Sinderson, Pasha, the physician



Miss Daphne Mander with Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the R.A.



Lady Templer, wife of the C.I.G.S., with Lady Rennie



Sir James Paterson Ross, P.R.C.S., with his wife



Lt.-Col. Terence Nugent, Controller of the Lord Chamberlain's, and Lady Nugent



Brig. Sir Ralph Rayner, chairman of the council of the society, and Lady Rayner



Miss Caroline Lindsay Fynn and Lord Huntingfield, vice-president of the society



Major Stanley Wells, Chief Commoner of the City of London, and Mrs. Wells

ST. GEORGE'S DAY AT GUILDHALL

The Royal Society of St. George held a banquet in Guildhall on St. George's Day. The 600 members and friends present were received by the Duke of Devonshire, president of the society, and Lady Plender, the vice-chairman. The menu started with kangaroo-tail soup and ended with a sweet called lemon posset, served with King Harry's shoestrings! The wines were a gift from South Africa and Australia, the cigarettes from Southern Rhodesia, coffee from Kenya and the Trinidad rum from Tate & Lyle Ltd. Many of the guests wore a red rose.

The objects of the society include fostering the love of England, strengthening national morale, and furthering English interests all over the world.

After-dinner speakers were the Master of the Rolls (Lord Evershed), the Lord Mayor, and the Duke of Devonshire who—speaking at a tremendous rate as he always does—was

brilliant. Among those I saw at the banquet were Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer and Lady Templer, who looked elegant in dark-green satin, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall & Lady Newall, the High Commissioner for the Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland (Sir Gilbert Rennie) & Lady Rennie, and the Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn who came with Sir Hugh & Lady Dawson.

Also Sir Terence & Lady Nugent, the latter in mushroom-pink satin and fine diamonds, General Sir James & Lady Marshall-Cornwall, Col. "Buns" Cartwright, Mr. L. B. Prince, the very active chairman of the society's City branch which had over 200 members at the dinner, artist Mr. Frank Salisbury and Lord Huntingfield (both vice-presidents), Sir James Paterson Ross, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy.



Sir Stamford Cooper, a member of the council of the society, with Lady Cooper

games, a regional round for the Prince Philip Cup. Prince Philip was there watching these young enthusiasts, accompanied by Prince Charles and Princess Anne who stayed on after their father left. The Queen was kept indoors with a bad cold.

Earlier I had watched competitors jumping in a section of the Red Deer Stakes, which was won by Miss Mary Barnes on Gala Queen. In the adjacent ring I saw the youngest of the Earl & Countess of Cottenham's pretty daughters, Lady Gillian Pepys (who incidentally was going to a finishing school in Paris a few days later), win a section of the Foxhunter Jumping Competition on her beautifully schooled Shamrock 37th, which she rode exceptionally well. I met her sister, Lady Davina Pepys, who had also been competing but was not a winner that day.

I also met Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Ann Townsend who had also been competing, both immaculate in their riding clothes. The Duke of Norfolk was walking round with Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, and among others I saw, many accompanied by their children, were the Earl of Cottenham, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, Mrs. Tom Barty-King, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Mrs. Glenda Spooner who has worked so hard for the Ponies of Britain Club, Major & Mrs. "Gar" Barker, Mrs. "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby, Mr. Geoffrey Cross, Mrs. Gerald Critchley and her daughter Miss Belinda Loyd who was a competitor, Lady Mary & Lady Theresa Fitzalan-Howard, Major & Mrs. Percy Legard and their daughter Sarah who was riding in this very successful show, which everyone hopes will become an annual event.

Auctioning a Pekingese

After the Royal Society of St. George banquet (see above) I went on to the May Fair Hotel where the New Bridge Ball was in full swing. The youthful chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who had organized the evening so efficiently, looked pretty in white lace: her husband was there to help her, also her parents Lord and Lady Pakenham, who had a big party. I saw a Pekingese dog auctioned for 35 guineas. This helped to swell the funds of the evening which they hope will reach about £1,000 for the New Bridge Society for the re-settlement of discharged prisoners. The dog was bought by Dr. Leonard Simpson, who with his wife had a party. Others who came to the dance included Mr. Maurice & the Hon. Mrs. Macmillan, Viscount & Viscountess Gage, the Hon. David & Mrs. Astor, Lady Pamela Berry, Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Nicholson and Mrs. Woodrow and Lady Moorea Wyatt.

Mr. & Mrs. George Frost gave a delightful dance for their débutante daughter Miss Leonora Frost at the Normandie Hotel. Small tables for dinner were arranged around the dance floor, and guests were given programmes, an innovation which proved a great success. It meant that when dancing began the young people changed partners much more frequently than usual, and visited each other's tables freely. Leonora looked sweet in a spotted black-and-white organza dress. Among her many young friends dancing happily when I arrived I saw Miss Zia Foxwell, attractive in a white dress with a bold floral design in cerise; she had



NEWS PORTRAIT

FAMILY GROUP Commonwealth leaders joined in the celebrations in Trinidad when Princess Margaret inaugurated the new West Indies Federation. Above: Mr. J. Profumo (Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies), the Hon. F. A. Townley (Australian Minister of Supply), Lord Hailes (Governor-General), the Hon. Gordon Churchill (Canadian Minister of Trade & Commerce), Princess Margaret, Hon. Mrs. Ellen Fairclough (Canadian Secretary of State), Mr. Sydney Smith (Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs), and Mr. W. B. Van Lear (Ghana Justice of Appeal)



recovered from the high temperature and had cold which had prevented her going to the ball at Badminton the previous week. Also there were Miss Melanie Lawson, Miss Celia Wenger, and Miss Diane Kirk, wearing one of the newest knee-length chemise dresses in snow-white, and many more young men and girls I have not space to mention.

The Duchess of Atholl, a remarkable character who has had many varied experiences in life, including that of being the first Scottish woman Member of Parliament, has written a book called *Working Partnership*, recently published by Arthur Barker. To celebrate the publication Miss Christina Foyle gave one of her famous literary luncheons at the Dorchester. Lord Pakenham took the chair and made a brief speech. He was followed by the Rt. Hon. Dame Florence Horsburgh, M.P., who went back over the years she had known the duchess (who is now in her eighties) and recalled some of the many amusing and interesting incidents which appear in the book.

Steeplechasing in the Midlands

I went to the Warwickshire Hunt point-to-point steeplechases (see pictures on page 303) held at North Newington, near Banbury, right on the edge of their country. I heard that next year it is being moved to Wellesbourne, which is much more in the centre of the country. Fields were not very big but the racing was exciting and often ended in a close finish. The first event, the Members' Race, was won by Mr. Jervis's Logan. The second was the Adjacent Hunt Ladies' Race for the Coronation (Challenge) Cup and this was won by Miss B. Evans, a follower of the Warwickshire Hounds, on Tollona. The Open Race for the Red Horse Vale Challenge Cup went to Mr. J. N. Jordan's Fair Youth from the North Cotswold. It was an extremely popular victory when Mr. Tim Rootes's Some Baby, who has been hunted regularly with the Warwickshire, won the Adjacent Hunts' Race.



THE HON. IRIS PEAKE, Princess Margaret's lady-in-waiting, by A. K. Lawrence. More Royal Academy pictures on page 307

Lord Willoughby de Broke, whom I met accompanied by his attractive teenage daughter the Hon. Susan Verney, was the judge, and Major Stanley Cayzer, one of the joint-Masters, was the honorary steward, while the acting stewards were Major P. G. Thin, Capt. P. F. Arkwright, and Major J. F. Nicholson. Among others I met at the meeting were Miss Beryl Buckmaster, one of the retiring joint-Masters of these hounds, a rôle she has filled indefatigably since 1949. She told me how touched she is that Warwickshire farmers have combined to give her a ruby-and-diamond brooch in the form of the Master's button, in recognition of her work as joint-Master. Major Peter Starkey and Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, the two new joint-Masters with Major Stanley Cayzer, were there with their wives, and I met the Hon. Mrs. Derek Cardiff, Brigadier & Mrs. Scott Cockburn, Mr. Giles Vandeleur and Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Weldon, who were staying with Major Cayzer at Westcote where many friends looked in for a drink on their way home.

Also at this point-to-point were Mr. Reggie Ward with Mr. & Mrs. Derek Hague, Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don and Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman over from the Heythrop country, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Kenyon who have made their new home at Brailles so nice, Mr. John & the Hon. Mrs. Lakin, Major & Mrs. Jack Britton Jones, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes and a family party, Major Uniacke with Mr. Tim Rootes who received many congratulations on the success of Some Baby, Col. "Loopy" Kennard who has just retired from commanding the 4th Hussars and is house-hunting in this part of the country, Major and Mrs. Brackenbury and Miss Clare Verney.

Débutantes became models

Having commented a few weeks ago, at the meeting to choose débutante mannequins for the Berkeley Dress Show, on how badly this year's débutantes walked (or rather slouched), I must now congratulate the sixteen girls who eventually modelled M. Pierre Cardin's enchanting collection. They all held themselves well, walked with poise, and looked pretty as pictures in these beautifully designed clothes. The chosen sixteen were the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, Miss Susanna Crawley, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Gillian Gough, Countess Carolyn Czernin, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Georgina Milner, Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Lola Wigan, Miss Carolyn Butler, Miss Jennifer Burness, Miss Alexandra Versen, and Lady Carolyn Townshend. Lady Carolyn's mother, the Marchioness Townshend, was this year's very efficient chairman of the two-day dress show at the Berkeley Hotel, which raised a splendid sum for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Charity preview for *My Fair Lady*



Baron William de Gelsey and Miss Penelope Ansley



Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his wife



The Hon. John Coventry, uncle of the Earl of Coventry, with Mrs. Coventry



Ivan Foxwell, Lady Edith Foxwell, Richard Soames and Miss Zia Foxwell



Mr. Richard Stanes and Miss Sally Meller with Mr. James Cobban from Canada



Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Woolfson (right), and Lord & Lady Mancroft (left)



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Raimund & Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal



Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, daughter of a solicitor, with Mr. Philip Harari

JENNIFER writes: I went to both the preview and the first night of the much-heralded new musical at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Seldom have I contemplated seeing any show twice, certainly never twice in twenty-four hours! But *My Fair Lady* is so truly wonderful I could have seen it three nights running. The preview, in aid of four theatrical charities and the Jerusalem Baby Home, was packed with an enthusiastic audience, all in evening dress. Mrs. Prince Littler and Lady Marks, the two presidents of the preview, were there; also Mrs. Michael Sacker who as one of the joint chairmen had worked indefatigably for the success of the evening. Sir Simon Marks and Mr. Sacker escorted their wives.

I met Mr. Peter Thorneycroft and his chic wife who both told me how much they were enjoying the show. Sir Ronald Howe was in tremendous form laughing heartily at the many amusing incidents in the play. I also met Lady Pulbrook and Mr. & Mrs. Stirling Moss, the latter in a neat white brocade jacket. In the interval when everyone seemed to be radiating enjoyment, I saw Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell, the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Mr. Derek Hague and his pretty wife who was in pale blue, Mrs. Brotherton and her daughter Anne down from Yorkshire, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Maydwell, Mr. & Mrs. John Mann, Mr. Reggie Ward, Mr. John Churchill, Mr. & Mrs. Marcus Sieff, Lady Rose McLaren, Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, and Miss Penelope Ansley escorted by Baron de Gelsey.



GOTHENBURG. Gustavus II Adolfus was the founder of the city

BRIDE & HOME FEATURE

Adventure is the keynote
of a honeymoon
but most couples choose the
same old resorts as a setting

Go north for a honeymoon

by DOONE BEALE

PLANNING a honeymoon, the British couple instinctively looks south. But Italy, the Riviera, and the Costa del Sol are not the only places where the sun shines—witness the tanned faces of Scandinavians who have never left their own countries. Sweden is so near that it is practical even for a long weekend, and so appealing with its unfamiliar Scandinavian culture that it can be explored on a longer holiday without risk of boredom.

A chance visit to Gothenburg last summer left me with a deep nostalgia—and that is surely the test of a good holiday. Gothenburg is a natural and excellent base from which to explore other parts of Sweden. Stockholm, the beautiful "Venice of the north," is a five-hour journey by electric train (as, also, are both Oslo and Copenhagen). Or you can make the journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm via the highly romantic three-day canal trip, in a small, comfortable pleasure-steamer fitted like a dolls' house. There is plenty of opportunity for terra-firma exploration between the

locks, and the canal runs past magnificent 17th-century chateaux, through the medieval town of Vadstena. After crossing the plains of Ostergotland, the canal boat enters the Baltic archipelago, and then winds its way among the wooded inlets of Lake Malaren on its final lap to Stockholm.

But back to base. You must, of course, love docks and harbour sides in order to appreciate Gothenburg—Sweden's second city, and one of the great ports of the world. To those so addicted, it is a collector's piece. It has an atmosphere which stimulates, with its salty, sparkling clarity, a beauty that is spare and spacious. It is a low-lying city, and the land seems to underline the rolling mass of clouded-steel sky, engraved by a clutch of ships' cranes which look from a distance like the abandoned music-stands of some Olympian orchestra.

Dominating the skyline from every point is the gigantic, crab-red Seamen's Church, the Masthugskyrkan. The heart of the city itself, built around a loop in the canal, was originally laid out by Dutch

architects and though it is sometimes called "Little London," this similarity would rarely strike a Londoner. It is intensely continental, unmistakably Scandinavian.

It is a place of wide, tree-lined boulevards. The solid, low-slung buildings brood rather magnificently over the canal spanned by eighteen bridges. In the summer, gaily flagged sightseeing motor-barges cruise round it.

If you have the stamina to rise at 5.30 in the morning, you can still see the unchanging ceremony of the fish auction carried on at the dockside.

In the heart of the city—notable for its lack of clutter—is the Liseberg, described in the guides as an amusement park—but do not be put off by the name. In the summer it has open-air concerts and dancing, outdoor cafés and an excellent restaurant—a converted hunting-lodge called the Vardhuset. The Swedes cherish their brief but beautiful summer (71 degrees is average temperature for July).

[continued on page 326]



GOTHENBURG. The entrance to Liseberg, the amusement park where open-air concerts and dancing are held



STOCKHOLM. The Royal Mail line runs an 18-day cruise to Scandinavia aboard the Andes (above), which calls at Stockholm



Where the wheels go round—all kinds

STOCKHOLM: Only an aeroplane is missing from this photograph of the Slussen cloverleaf, which includes almost every form of present-day transport. Bicycles and motorcycles mingle with buses, cars and lorries. Trams run down the centre of the road and on the water there are several barges. Notice the left-hand rule of the road—Sweden is the

only Scandinavian country to continue driving on this side. Not shown: an electric train, which brings the Swedish capital within five hours of Gothenburg. Communications conscious Sweden still has strict motoring laws, but intending holidaymakers need no longer be put off by the restrictions on alcoholic consumption which were abolished some time ago



The Kent home of an M.P.

SIR HENRY D'AVIGDOR-GOLDSMID, M.P. for Walsall South, is the owner of Somerhill, near Tonbridge, a splendidly preserved 17th century house (*above, left*) where he lives with his wife and two teenage daughters Chloe and Sarah (*above, right*). Built at the beginning of the reign of King James I by the Earl of Clanrickard, the main building has remained largely unchanged.

The small drawing-room (*centre, left*) was panelled in pine with Bolection moulding in the early 18th century. A magnificent carved gilt-framed mirror hangs on the wall, flanked by a flower painting by Matthew Smith, an impressionist painting of Dieppe by Boudin on the left, and *L'allée des Vignes* by Pissarro on the right. The table is an 18th-century marquetry English card table, and on the floor is an Aubusson carpet, which bears the arms of the d'Andigny family of Flanders.

The library (*centre, right*), 88 feet long, is believed to be the longest room in Kent. The carpet is a Savonnerie design, made in England by refugees from the French Revolution.

The walls of the large dining-room (*bottom, left*) are hung with 17th-century Brussels tapestries. Two sphinxes by William Kent support a long marble tabletop on which stand three 18th-century satinwood knife-boxes.

The entrance hall at Somerhill (*bottom, right*) runs the whole width of the house. It is panelled in oak and hung with many family portraits. On either side of the fireplace are tapestry covered Venetian chairs and foot-stools.

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



BRIDE & HOME FEATURE

The not-so-plain golden band

by EDWARD SELBY



This combined engagement-wedding ring by Crown Jewellers has four variations. The two parts can be worn together to form a wide, rounded ring; reversed to form a wide diabolo shape, or with a separate diamond eternity ring between either the diabolo shaped (above) or the rounded halves (above, inset)

THE wedding ring is no longer the plain golden band it once was. It can be Edwardian and Victorian, chased, pierced, engraved, or even—in the American style—set with diamonds, and designed to match the engagement ring.

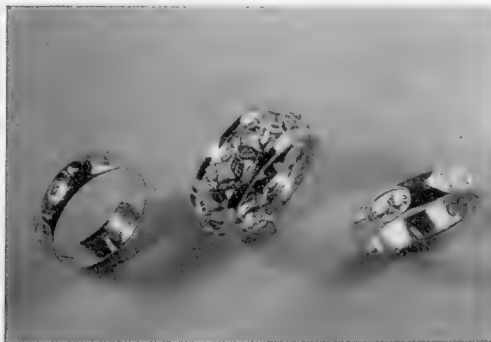
In the immediate post-war years the problem of choosing between all these styles did not exist. Wedding rings were made in simple standard patterns, and nearly all of them were of 9-carat gold. Today, the fashionable ring is 22-carat, which is as near pure gold as one can get without the metal becoming too soft. Plain broad bands, sometimes as much as a quarter-of-an-inch wide, have become increasingly popular. The modern bride likes to have the evidence of her marriage clearly and boldly displayed on her finger. More elaborate versions of the broad-band ring are ornamented with pierced work, or decorated with chasing and engraving. Some of these modern rings are extremely attractive, and have elevated the wedding ring from its previously reticent place on the hand, to that of a ring decorative in its own right.

Though it is unlikely to displace the more conventional gold ring, American style wedding rings are also on the increase in England. These are set with diamonds—usually in gold, but sometimes in platinum—and are designed to match, or complement, the engagement ring. These ring partners are, in fact, an illustration of the American retailer's astuteness. He has calculated that the young man who buys an engagement ring from him will come back to the same shop to buy the matching wedding ring. The rings are designed to sit

snugly together on the finger, and are sometimes so "partnered" that they lock together.

Another variant on the conventional ring is the jointed wedding ring which can be opened to slip over large knuckles. Few May brides, perhaps, would like to own up to large knuckles! But the idea is sensible, for the ring can be adapted to any changes in the finger during the course of years.

The plain gold ring has a much briefer



The modern look in wedding rings. L. to r.: In 22-carat gold, studded with stars; a broad pierced ring with a leaf motif; and double daisies engraved in ovals

history than most people think. In any collection of antique rings there is so much ornamentation that it is almost impossible to tell which were engagement and which wedding rings, unless there happens to be an inscription inside the hoop. And it is the engagement ring that goes back further in history. Even in Roman times it was customary for a betrothal ring to be given to the future bride. The use of a special ring

to symbolize the marriage, however, appears to be a Christian custom. The ritual of placing the ring on the bride's third finger can be traced back to the 11th century A.D., but most early pictures show the ring being placed on the *right* hand. It was not until the 16th century in England that the Book of Common Prayer specified that the ring should be placed upon the third finger of the left hand.

The diamond still remains the most popular of all stones for engagement rings. The association of the diamond with something that lasts for ever (though not, as some cynics have maintained, "because it has great qualities of endurance") accounts partly for its success. The classical three-stone ring is still popular, though there are signs of a growing demand for something more out of the ordinary. Combinations of diamonds with other precious stones are becoming fashionable. In the lower price ranges, the blue or white zircon is usually first choice.

One of the outcomes of modern taxation has been that, though many people do not like the idea of a second-hand wedding ring, few have the same feeling about their engagement ring. Good quality Edwardian and Victorian rings are becoming more and more sought after, as buyers realize that the second-hand ring bears no purchase tax. To counteract this natural tendency, designers and manufacturers of modern engagement rings are producing a much wider variety than in the past. Cross-over designs, cluster rings, and rings with elaborate diamond-set shoulders are among the new styles.

Among all the changes, however, one can be sure which ring will remain every girl's favourite—the one described in the words of Thomas Moore:

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore."

The modern look in engagement rings. L. to r.: A green tourmaline with sapphires and diamonds; an American-style ring set with diamonds; a twin sapphire, ruby and diamond eternity ring which swivels to form different combinations; two diamond rings; and a three-stone ring of blue and white zircons



 BRIDE & HOME FEATURE

The contemporary style has now reached maturity and the bride who chooses it for her furnishing need no longer fear that her home will date

Modern—and lasting

by MONICA FURLONG

The "Quaker Back" Windsor chair (above). Made in beech and elm, natural or dark antique finish, by Ercol Furniture Ltd., of High Wycombe

The Dolphin shower cubicle (right). Made of glass fibre, it can be bolted or screwed into position in about 15 minutes. Reinforced Plastic Developments

Shelves pull out in the "Ezee-reach" wall cabinet (below). It is made of steel in cream or white by Ezee Kitchens Ltd., of London and Glasgow

SETTING UP home is a thing one never manages to do at quite the right time. Even as one gathers furniture and gadgets and carpets and curtaining together one is muttering how much cheaper they would have been a few years before. Then a year later the shops seem to be full of dazzling improvements on the things so lovingly and proudly collected. But it is true to say that this year's brides are in a more favourable position than any since the war.

I began in the Festival of Britain era and certainly there was then much less choice in furniture than there is now. I chose "contemporary" furniture because it was either that or the dreary suburban pieces one had seen for years before the war. But in the early fifties "contemporary" was still painfully stark. Not so today, when nothing is easier than to find furniture of any type of good design and (most encouragingly for beginners) at a wide variety of prices. And the American gadgets at which I used to gaze almost tearfully in stray copies of *Collier's* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* are now to be seen all over the place.

"Contemporary"—the word which used to frighten my elderly relatives so much ("Well, of course, you young people have your own ideas")—no longer conjures up anything inhuman and bizarre, but has become the kind of design which is natural for us to enjoy and have in our homes. The first harsh outlines have softened and produced many new and attractive shapes. The shock to pre-war senses of seeing what a post-war designer made of a chair or a light-fitting or a desk was a salutary one. But contemporary design has now become so completely a part of our lives that it will not quickly go out of fashion. In ten years, if I may dare to predict, there is no

danger of finding one's belongings pathetically dated.

One of the most noticeable trends in dining and living rooms at the moment is the black-and-white look, and it possesses the elegance which the first Scandinavian contemporary designs did not have. It expresses itself in delicate ebony legs, in an austere black-and-white upholstery, and in subtle carpets which depend more on unusual decoration than on contrasting colour for their effect. The overall effect is one of calmness, serenity, and neatness, with the pieces of furniture standing out distinct, ordered, and rather few and far between, faintly suggestive of a Japanese interior. It is highly adult (where the early contemporary interiors were playful and slightly childish), civilized and sophisticated. Colour, hot and strong, is used sparingly in unexpected places—for example, mosaic table tops, and abstract tiled fireplaces.

Kitchen design shows signs of schizophrenia. The slick American kitchen with its units, its working-surfaces, its garbage-disposal unit (capable of masticating glass milk bottles, though not yet tins) will be with us for many years yet, and with it the whole admirable family of plastic bits and pieces. I shall regret for a long time having bought my brooms and brushes, buckets, and garbage can in the days when these were still made of orthodox materials. The American kitchen, though slightly brutal in appearance, is still immensely attractive to English women. I suppose it is partly that it makes us feel we are appearing in some lush, money-soaked Hollywood film in which all the troubles are little ones, and partly that it is encouraging to feel that someone has applied so much intelligence to lightening the monotony of our household jobs.



An easy chair in black and white with beech frame finished in ebony and seat and cushions of moulded latex. "Scandart" model, designed by L. Bristow and D. W. Webb Bristow & Townsend Ltd.

by side with these wonderfully efficient, though rather unhomely designs, there is growing up a new trend, one which makes the kitchen more of a living-room than a workshop. It has a Puritan feeling about it, a whiff of New England, a suggestion of white scrubbed wood, the rocking-chair in front of the fire, and copper-pans glistening on the wall. Rush-seated chairs with waxed, natural wood frames (just right for the paterfamilias as he smokes his pipe) are insinuating their graceful and unpretentious way into fashion. The attractive Windsor kitchen chairs which a Higginbotham firm have done so much to popularize seem more appropriate than ever, and one of the newest designs which should reach the shops at about the time of publication is significantly called "Quaker Back".

Stairs, passage-ways, entrance halls and landings have nothing very new or startling to show in the design field (except, of course, in carpet and curtain fabrics). There is, though, pleasing new design in looking-glass (wouldn't you think every possible variety of looking-glass had been exhausted?) with a raised banded wood frame, quite unlike anything I have seen before, but not at all jarring. I can't wait to get one of these.

A small room turned into a library-cum-study is a boon if only because it allows one to escape at intervals from television or visiting in-laws. Bookcases do not seem to alter strikingly with the years, but I do covet some of the nice small desks which manage to be free of office taint.

Bedrooms are, of course, feminine and soothingly floral. I have enjoyed lately lying in bed and endlessly tracing tremulous fronded patterns on my bedroom walls, a pastime which fashion had denied to me for some twenty years. Sheer prettiness has

taken longer than anything else to find a footing among the powerful Nordic post-war designs, but it has arrived at last and one can bask away one's sleeping hours in a perfect rose-garden, or, like me, be lulled to sleep in a ferny undergrowth.

Bathrooms can be luxuriously upholstered and padded (smacking heavily of Victoriana) with wall-to-wall carpeting and armchairs, or (and this is your obvious bet if you have spent heavily on the rest of your rooms) perfectly simple and tiled, with linoleum or composition flooring. The cheaper sort makes one feel much freer to splash—and produces, incidentally, far better singing effects. And if you have the space a shower is absolute bliss. For both the bathroom and the kitchen it is well worth having a look at the new plastic curtains. Unlike the hideous shiny monstrosities of a few years ago, they have now been designed by first-class designers who have employed some astonishing texture effects. They fall and drape beautifully.

The Design Centre in Haymarket, born from the growing interest of both the trade and the public in design, holds an unending series of small exhibitions where the best designs (and by no means necessarily the most expensive) are continually on show. Similar exhibitions are organized all over the country. Many of the pieces shown are easy to find in the shops, but in any case the information desks will give details of manufacturers' addresses.

The modern bride is immensely helped by the way in which the country as a whole is becoming so design-conscious. She is lucky, too, to be setting up home at a period of remarkable technical advance in manufacture, which keeps down the price of a modern piece of furniture while raising its quality.



This graceful black-legged sideboard represents contemporary design at its finest. It is made of Weyroc, veneered with tola and walnut outside, sapele mahogany inside. F. Wrighton & Sons



Contemporary furniture calls for contemporary china. "Tundra," the attractive black-and-white coffee set (above), was designed by Stephen Dun, for the New Chelsea China Co. Ltd., of Stoke-on-Trent. "Tuscan," an all-wool Axminster carpet by John Crossley & Sons Ltd., repeats the fashionable black-and-white colour scheme



BRIDE & HOME FEATURE

She shall have music

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE HI-FI

by PERCY WILSON



A Pamphonic F.M. radio and transcription unit housed in a G-Plan cabinet. Beyond it is a cabinet with Victor Junior loudspeaker units



A Period High-Fidelity serpentine cabinet in the Chippendale style. The turntable is on the left, and beneath is space for record storage



The "Prelude" table Hi-Fi cabinet has exceptionally readable controls. The makers are Whiteley's, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire

A G-Plan console table adapted to hold stereophonic sound equipment by Pamphonic. It teams up with two separate loudspeaker cabinets



WHEN the modern couple comes to provide music for the home there are now exciting opportunities. Three major developments in sound reproduction have taken place in the past ten years, each as important as the introduction in the twenties of electrical recording and reproducing. They are the long-playing record (L.P.), the magnetic tape-recorder, and the introduction of frequency modulation (F.M.) broadcasting at very high frequencies (V.H.F.). And a fourth development is now on the way: the achievement of a stereophonic effect whereby the sound seems to come from different sources spread out in front of you, not in a concentrated stream from a hole in a box.

In the old days when we played our favourite Caruso records with a needle attached to a sound-box and horn (whether internal or external), the illusion we were able to obtain of listening to the real thing was crude. Electrical recording and reproduction, with its microphones, amplifiers, pickups and loudspeakers, was an essential step to the achievement of realism. The problem was threefold: to extend the range to the whole of the musical scale; to avoid distortion, whether by the over-emphasis of particular notes or the introduction of spurious ones; and to abolish scratch and background noise.

The L.P. record has done all that. But played on an old-fashioned "acoustic" gramophone it sounds screechy. That is because the recording deliberately over-emphasizes the treble in the expectation that, in playback, a balance will be restored by corrections in the electrical amplifier. By this sort of cunning the recording engineer has not only been able to achieve the three objectives mentioned but has multiplied the playing time by about five or six as well. He could not have done that with the old shellac records: he needed a material which is not granular in structure and he has found that in "vinylite," which is one of the modern plastics.

If you look at the keyboard of a piano-forte you will see that there are just over seven octaves. But that does not represent the whole of the musical scale. Every note has "overtones" which determine its musical character, as well as a "fundamental" tone which determines its pitch. To cover all these a range of nine octaves is required.

The old gramophone record could only

deal with about three octaves. The pre-war electrical recording extended the range to six octaves. Modern recording can cover the full range.

Similarly, the ordinary radio receiver (even the best) responds to no more than five octaves, whereas the good F.M. tuner coupled to a "High-Fidelity" amplifier can cover the whole nine.

The range of a magnetic tape-recorder depends on the speed at which the tape moves.

For tape and F.M. broadcasting, as for the L.P. disc, part of the scale is emphasized more than the rest. For discs and F.M., the pre-emphasis increases in the treble; for tape the natural characteristics of the magnetic material give a pre-emphasis at the middle of the scale.

The reproducing amplifier has to be capable of restoring the balance in all these cases. Usually there is a control unit incorporating a volume control and bass and treble "tone controls" to enable the user to modify the signal to suit his own taste in his particular surroundings.

One thing has not been found possible, so far: to reproduce the whole range free from distortion if the loudspeaker is mounted in the same cabinet as the rest. The reason is partly that the speaker needs a certain type of air-loading to enable it to function over the whole range (and even so, a number of different units may be required for full coverage); and partly because a peculiar kind of humming background can be set up in the bass by sound vibrations being fed back from the speaker to the input. For the highest quality, therefore, it is now a rule that the loudspeaker should be housed independently of the rest of the apparatus.

During the past two years, different styles have made their appearance for housing the record-player, amplifier and F.M. tuner in accordance with modern furnishing arrangements such as the G-Plan. Sometimes a trolley or low chairside cabinet is used for ease of operation; sometimes the units are designed so that they can be neatly disposed on bookshelves or other types of wall cabinet.

Considerable ingenuity is thus being shown to meet the feminine objection to having things lying about the room in haphazard fashion.



THE TATLER
& Bystander
7 May 1956
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There was dancing in an underground "Spider's Parlour" as well as in the ballroom. Above: Lady Elizabeth Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Courtown, and joint-chairman of the Young Committee, shakes hands with one of the Pearly Kings who helped at the ball

Gaiety to help the lonely

THE SPIDER AND THE WEB BALL was held at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Abbeyfield Society, formed in 1955 to overcome the problem of loneliness among old people. Above: Miss Ann Browning and Mr. Charles MacArthur Hardy with Mrs. Rose Springfield, the Pearly Queen of Stoke Newington



Lady Balfour of Burleigh, president of the ball, and Mrs. Harold Huth, the chairman, received the guests



Major Richard Carr-Gomm with his wife. Major Carr-Gomm gave up a career in the Guards to start the Abbeyfield Society



Miss Serena Fearnley-Whittingstall, daughter of the Q.C. and Recorder of Leicester

Miss Sally Gluckstein, daughter of the chairman of J. Lyons & Co., with Mr. Anthony Steen, the pianist and conductor

Van Hallen

Miss Ursula St. Clair Hurley, a private secretary trained at the Monkey Club, with Mr. Guy Beilby, who is in publishing

Mr. Arthur Johnston, who works for a television company, and Miss Joanna Hirsch, dressed as "The Spider and the Web"



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

An old French custom

VIVE la mariée! It is an old cry and a cheery one though I think it would be better expressed in the plural. Why leave out the poor bridegroom? *Vivent les mariés!* would sound almost as well. Why "almost"? That was instinctive, perhaps because, on the bride's great day, one has but a passing glance to spare for the nervous figure in striped pants and morning coat. The old-fashioned French custom was "tails-and-white-tie," which I was inclined to prefer. However, my young friends over here assure me that, in matters sartorial, the male must have *le chic anglais*, and *la jaquette* has ousted the tails.

Morning coat it was, therefore, at the wedding of Henri François-Poncet to Mlle. Françoise Hottinguer. It took place at the Hottinguer's picturesque 17-century château at Guermantes, not far from Paris, but the reception was held at their town house in the rue de Courcelles. On this occasion the bridegroom was not passed over with a mere glance. He is the second son of M. André François-Poncet, Ambassador of France to Germany and member of the Académie Française—but it is even more for his reputation as a fine horseman that Henri François-Poncet is known to the multitude than for his distinguished papa.

The young and lovely bride's young and equally lovely mama was a noticeable figure also. Whenever she can take a holiday from her social duties as Mme. Jean Conrad Hottinguer, she is Renée Devillers who, having made her early début at the State theatre of l'Odéon, still occasionally enchants us in the comedies of such dramatists as Achard, Flers and the late Alfred Savoir.

I have a weakness for country weddings, for good horsemen, for personages who really do things, for the stage and for pretty brides in frocks that ignore the trapeze line. This function contented all my foibles and it delighted me.

Until last week I had not been to any of the excellent performances given by the Greek, Italian or German companies at the Théâtre des Nations. I do not understand the languages. If I were blind I would not attend a pantomime or a silent film either. But for the London Festival Ballet I was there with rings and bells on even before the topmost rows of the amphitheatre were filled with earnest enthusiasts, and long, long before the boxes of the various embassies received their distinguished occupants.

The Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt—which, every spring and early summer, shelters the famous companies formed by so many talented visitors and becomes, for the time being, the Théâtre des Nations—is a playhouse that delights me because of its old-fashioned, somewhat pompous air. It was built in 1862. The "gods" have their amphitheatre; immediately below, the third balcony offers its "gallery stalls" to slightly wealthier patrons; on descending to the next

By the Rond Point in the Champs-Élysées

floor one finds "covered boxes," "balcony stalls" and—this is richness indeed—drawing-room boxes. Yet another flight downwards leads to the dress circle (*fauteuils de corbeil*) and, on the ground floor, at last, are still more boxes (known as *baignoirs* or, literally, bath-tubs) standing in tight, horseshoe formation round the usual orchestra stalls. The Théâtre des Nations is said to hold 1,384 seats but I had the impression of double that number on the opening night of the London ballet.

It was a happy evening. Anton Dolin's company is appreciated by the connoisseur for its remarkable discipline and perfection of technique. It was a joy to see Alicia Markova in her all-too-brief appearance in *Les Sylphides*. A new creation was *The Witch Boy*, not yet seen in London. It is a modern ballet in an ancient setting. The music is by Leonard Salzedo and the *choréauteur* is Jack Carter. John Gilpin's dramatic interpretation of the principal rôle shows him to be as fine a mime as he is a dancer. He plays the part of the Witch Boy whose desire

is to become human so that he may love and be loved by the beautiful Barbara Allen.

The story is inspired by the Scottish ballad that is to be found in the *Reliques Of Ancient English Poetry* by Thomas Percy. It is a grim tale; Barbara dies and the Witch Boy's despair, as portrayed by Gilpin, is moving; the drama has moments of gay hurly-burly, however, when the ladies of the town dance a joyful quadrille with the lads of the great open spaces—but I refuse to believe that the lads didn't wear their best pants when they went a-dancing or that, if they were patched, their womenfolk didn't try to match the material!

Anton Dolin, who is the artistic director of the company, appeared in the part of the Preacher and I found myself dreaming. I dreamt of the Salle Pleyel, just before the war, and Dolin's dance recitals and how magnificently he danced the *Spectre De La Rose* with Maria Belita.

The Mocambo is another new cabaret that has opened its doors within sauntering distance of the Champs-Élysées. The *décor* is amusingly sultry. Negro torch-bearers, palms in pots, panthers' pelts (panthers, I think—but nylon covers a multitude of skins) and the barbaric clamour of modern night-club music unite in creating an illusion of the stormy atmosphere and enervating mutterings of the jungle.

June Richmond, dusky and dynamic, sings richly. An entertainer of dark colour eats fire and actually looks as if he enjoys it. He makes one feel incredibly thirsty, which is all to the good of the house. There was as great a crowd as at the *Club de l'Etoile* last week and, of course, practically the same people. But this time Mme. Jean Davey brought her white poodle, Cyrano, who lapped up his glass of champagne like the royal personage he is. The Marquis de Cuevas and Serge Lifar—now known as the duettists—were there in all amity, and such famous dancers as Alicia Markova, Rosella Hightower and Yvette Chauviré. There were also two maharanees, one Egyptian princess, actress Mary Morgan (wife of the Mayor of Deauville), Mme. Julliard, Mme. Jacqueline Delubac and many more celebrities of *le tout Paris*. It was a truly brilliant opening night. We almost needed sun glasses.



M. Michel Gyarmathy has produced the Folies Bergère for 23 years. He is here with Yvonne Mesnard, star of the latest show, which was described by Priscilla recently



THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT held its point-to-point at North Newington, nr. Banbury. Above: Miss B. Evans, Ladies' Race winner



Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis (right) with her daughters, Georgina and Rosemary. Miss Georgina Lewis is recovering from a skiing accident

THE WARWICKSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT



Capt. Robert Parker-Jervis, the trainer, with Mr. Clarence Webster, the First Whip of the Warwickshire Hunt, Huntsman next season

Mrs. Jordan leads in Mr. J. N. Jordan, who won the Open Race on Fair Youth. They are members of the North Cotswold Hunt



Mrs. D. M. Gill and Mrs. John Ching were among the visitors from the neighbouring Heythrop Hunt



Mr. W. P. Stokes, hon. veterinary surgeon, with Col. John Lakin, chairman-elect of the Warwickshire Hunt Committee



Miss Gillian Sinclair and Miss Annetta Dick, both from the Old Berks Hunt



Mrs. T. F. R. Bulkeley, a well-known owner, with Col. A. Clerke Brown of the S. Oxon

Lady Leigh with Mrs. John Leigh and Michael Leigh. They were visitors from the North Warwickshire Hunt





THE
TATLER

At
in



Supper was served in the Abbot's Hall, which is one of the surviving parts of the original building. Above: the Hon. Myra Lopes, daughter of Lord Roborough with Mr. Court Granville



Mr. Anthony Burch, who is in the 14th/20th King's, with Miss Victoria Elliot, the daughter of Mr. Alexander & Lady Ann Elliot



Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. John Baskervyle-Glegg, with Capt. D. Brassey. She has just returned from a ski-ing holiday

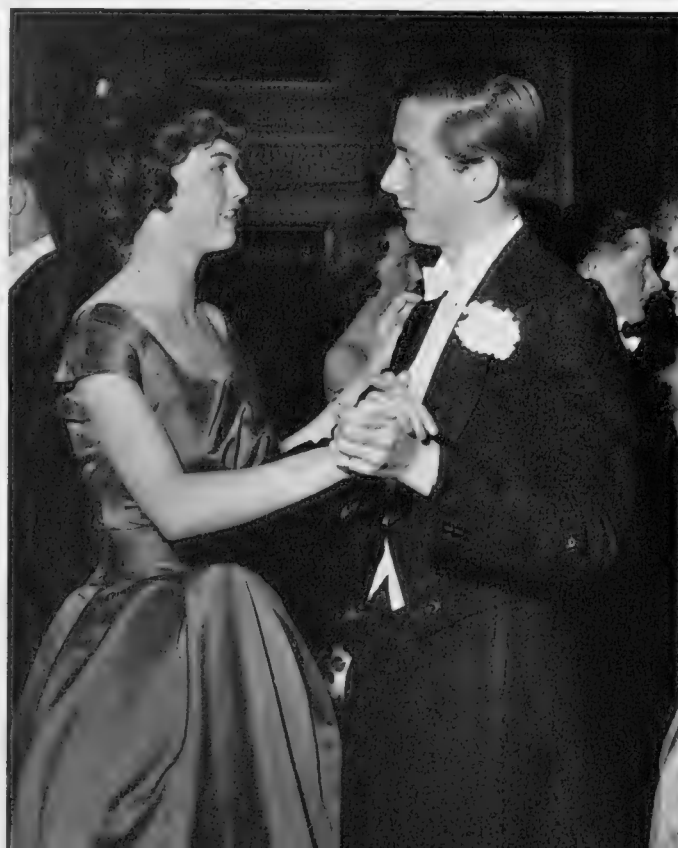


Miss Sandra Farley and Mr. David Edwards. He teaches at a preparatory school at Cothill, and is the son of Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards. Miss Farley is a secretary

Mr. Anthony Churton and Miss Diana Mackenzie. Mr. Churton is the son of Cdr. & Mrs. T. R. H. Churton, and lives in Yorkshire. He is in the 17th/21st Lancers

Miss Elfrida Eden, daughter of Sir Timothy & Lady Eden, of Fritham, with Mr. David Jarrett. He is in the Stock Exchange and lives in Hertfordshire

Lord Valentine Thynne, son of the Marquess of Bath, with Miss Georgina Milner. She is the daughter of Mr. Milner of Cape Town, and is going to



a dance historic Milton Abbey

MILTON ABBEY, Dorset, was founded by Abbot Stan as a Benedictine monastery and rebuilt as a mansion house in 1770. It is now a school for boys. A dance was given there for Miss Anne Napier and Miss Judith Jephson by their mothers, Mrs. Trevelyan Napier and Mrs. Selwyn Jephson. Right: Miss Anne Napier, Miss Fania Napier and Miss Judith Jephson

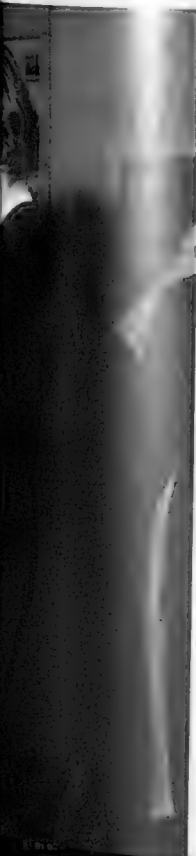


A. V. Swaabe

Miss Fania McCausland, daughter of Col. & Lady Margaret McCausland, with her fiancé, Mr. Denis Mahony, Irish Guards. Mr. Mahony is the son of Brig. E. R. Mahony

Mrs. Alec Hambro, whose late husband lived at the Abbey as a boy, with her daughter Miss Rosamund Hambro, and Mr. Richard Craven-Smith-Milnes. Miss Hambro is to visit Southern Rhodesia

Arquess of Bath, who
ter of Mr. Mordant
study art next year



THEATRE

Virtue under a French microscope

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



Marcellus (Peter Wyngarde), whose amorous exploits scandalize the good citizens of Aix

"GENTS," says the bagman in *Pickwick*, "I give you woman." Giraudoux in his last play, translated by Mr. Christopher Fry as *Duel Of Angels*, "gives us woman" with a vengeance, and in a last smouldering diatribe seems to put the blame for what she is on man. There is no one quite so bitter as a wounded optimist, and Giraudoux at the end of the Occupation had come, understandably, to regard the purity which he idealized as the rarest of manifestations in a wicked world.

The point that the play at the Apollo makes is that the world, when it beholds purity in the shape of a woman, will inevitably combine against it and, as inevitably, will feel ashamed of itself should purity win through to a tragic triumph. This sounds simple, but it is not so simple as the French dramatist treats the matter. His virtuous heroine, sipping her ice water on the café on the terrace of the pleasure-loving city of Aix-en-Provence in the empire of Napoleon III, has all the cruelty of the uncommonly good. She will speak to no person she considers morally unworthy, and she professes the uncomfortable gift of being able to

see nasty crawly things—the mark of the beast—disfiguring the faces of the promiscuous. She herself is rather beastly in scorning the polite lie that would lull a jealous husband's suspicions of his wife. She remains maddeningly silent, and it is hardly to be wondered at that Paola, the victim of this silence, should reach for her duelling dagger.

Since her delightful tweeny in *The Skin Of Our Teeth* Miss Vivien Leigh has done nothing better than this dark, deeply affronted angel rising to try conclusions with the insufferably dazzling purity of Miss Claire Bloom's overweening heroine. The actress's repose sets an edge on Paola's cool worldly mockery of the woman who has been false to the unwritten laws of her sex. This same repose conveys, unmistakably that the dark angel's revenge will know no mercy. She appals her enemy with the suggestion that she is a woman whose morbid interest in all sorts of men makes it impossible for her to love any one man and that her holiness is only a cloak for random illicit desires.

The dark angel puts her ideas into practice. She drugs the chaste wife and arranges for her

to be told when she wakes up that she has been dishonoured in her drugged sleep by the Don Juan of Aix, the Count Marcellus. It is a trick that works, and its working brings the tragedy into rather tortuous-flowing water. Giraudoux apparently is willing that the purity represented by Lucile shall show not only an aspect of cruelty but also an aspect of silliness. The conviction that her purity has been sullied leads to the conviction that she must be the wife of the man who has sullied her. It becomes, in her view, the duty of that man to make her his widow. A separate quarrel saves Count Marcellus the trouble of deciding whether he shall humour this strange whim. He falls to the bullet of rival's pistol, but without telling Lucile that the supposed rape has no existence save in her own mind.

It is possible that some of the Pirandellian refinements of this part of the tragedy have escaped me, and I certainly find it hard to believe in the utterly unsympathetic attitude of Lucile's husband. When he learns that his wife has been dishonoured in her drugged sleep, he maintains fiercely that flesh has its own kind of consciousness and regards her as hopelessly contaminated. Here surely creeps in a touch of the Higher Nonsense. It must be said, however, that the play continues to hold the stage in spite of a certain confusion into which the story falls, and emerges to make quite movingly the final contrast between virtue and vice. The woman who would rather die than acknowledge evil may have been beaten in the duel but only her vanquisher knows the bitterness that eats at the heart of victory. Miss Bloom makes poignant beauty of the fall of a gentle being whose sense of purity the world has outraged, and Miss Leigh lets the world's shame discreetly appear in Paola's acceptance of the implications of her rival's death. Miss Freda Jackson is left with the difficult speech in which the author shifts the ultimate blame on to the stupidity and grossness of men. She handles it with much skill. The play is directed by Mr. Jean-Louis Barrault with results which are excellent in so far as English actors can adapt themselves to the French method of striking a formal attitude whenever there is an eloquent speech to be delivered. The lovely dresses are by Christian Dior, and Mr. Roger Furse's settings recall that Aix is a city with a Roman heritage.



DUEL OF ANGELS (Apollo Theatre). A reputation falls, never to rise again. Lucile (Claire Bloom) bows in defeat before her sophisticated rival Paola (Vivien Leigh). Mr. Justice Blanchard (Robin Bailey, left) loudly laments, but Armand (Basil Hoskins) keeps his feelings under hatches. Right: Barquette (Freda Jackson), who has helped to engineer Lucile's downfall



Ann, by L. S. Lowry, A.R.A.

A spring mood at the Summer Academy



Lady Hastings, by Henry Carr



The late Lorraine Silva, by Arnold Mason



Virginia Sutton, by Peter Greenham, A.R.A.



Deirdre, by Anthony Devas, A.R.A.

THE Summer Exhibition, now open, would this year be better titled "Spring at the Academy." Sir Charles Wheeler, the new President, and his hanging committee have effected a near revolution in the staid walls of Burlington House. This is the most exciting Royal Academy exhibition for years. Not only is the quality of the paintings almost uniformly high, but there is recognition of a whole group of modern artists.

This is not to say, that the "dribble-it-on-yourself" or the "Chimpanzee" schools have broken out in a rash on the Academy walls. A balance has been admirably maintained. At the same time admirers of the younger group of painters will have to admit that there is no private gallery in London showing such a wide range of the best work by the *avant-garde*.

Even this year's formal Royal portrait, that of the Queen by Anthony Devas, has caught something of the prevailing mood. Her Majesty's dress is rendered with a sparkle of soft pastel colours and the total effect is gay and charming.

Another happy note is that there seem to be more beautiful women. There is the Countess of Dalkeith by Thomas Merton (undoubtedly the picture of the year), Lady Hastings by Henry Carr (*above*), the Hon. Iris Peake by Alfred Lawrence (*see page 292*), and the Maharanee of Jaipur by Annigoni. Sir Gerald Kelly contributes a portrait of his wife, Jane, a soft and beautiful piece of colour. The picture is titled simply

COMMENTARY BY ERNLE BRADFORD

"Jane LVII." With the exception of Rembrandt's Saskia, few women in history have been so faithfully, so lovingly, and so often, recorded. Anthony Devas also contributes a sensitive portrait, Deirdre, a gentle piece of Whistlerian colour; while Henry Lamb shows a fine head of Miss Philippa Strachey, C.B.E.

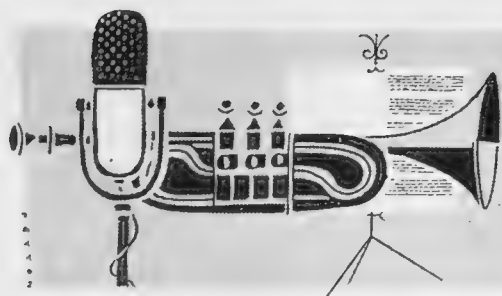
A few of the older Academicians may see the

colour of primary red when they come to some of the exhibits—for this show represents all trends and tastes. The late David Jagger's fine unfinished portrait of Prince Philip (he was working on it when he died) is another world from Ruskin Spear's "Romance," or Carel Weight's "Fright." The remarkable thing is, though, that everything has been blended so well.

The Academician Extraordinary—Sir Winston Churchill—shows a sunlit still-life of oranges and lemons, a picture extraordinary in itself for it is dated March this year, and must have been painted only a few days before Sir Winston's illness. Another remarkable still-life comes from Tristram Hillier, a connoisseur's bouquet of books and bottles called "Homage To André Simon."

This Exhibition, with its vitality and diversity, answers those who say that in our times the visual arts are on the decline.

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RECORDS

Like someone in love

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE ladies take the vocal honours in recent recording activity. Ella Fitzgerald sings slightly out of this world in the most sentimental collection of songs I have yet heard put on one record. The title—"Like someone in love"—takes her way off the hard-beaten track of jazz, and still leaves her unassailable for sheer artistic merit. Her present tour of Britain with the "Jazz at The Philharmonic" group should not be missed. The contemporary style set by Ella is echoed by Sarah Vaughan's "Swingin' easy," a hotter selection, which reflects many of the "boppish" aspects of the modern idiom. It is coincidental that Miss Vaughan has only just completed a successful tour of England. Her inflections are simpler, but her range is enormous. Her present work seems to be a blend of the best of Billie Holiday with the swinging-est moods of Miss Fitzgerald.

American-born Ilene Day takes up an Ellington theme in some rather moderate imitations of Pearl Bailey on Nixa. Notable are the accompaniments by a British group, with Bruce Turner and Dill Jones prominent. The subtleties of French cabaret are expounded delightfully by Vicky Autier on H.M.V., and the same label carries the first volume of Josh White Stories. The guitar-playing singer borrows heavily from the conventional blues repertoire, but lacks the individuality so necessary to this type of performance. Neither his voice nor his artistry can maintain the high standard set by the eminent Jimmy Rushing, whose two tracks on Vanguard are near perfect examples of contemporary blues singing.

A much more remarkable, but somehow inconclusive piece of music comes in the form of Keita Fodeba's African Ballet. My unattuned ears find difficulty in distinguishing the highly complex details of the rhythmic work, mainly provided by tom-toms and maracas. The most refreshing sounds come from the 21-string guitar played by Kandia, the principal solo singer. What I discern is a much closer affinity to the Latin-American and calypso rhythms than to jazz, but the greatest importance is still attached to the polytonic themes of true African origin.

STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Little birds have been whispering for several months that a new sound (or system of reproducing recorded sound) was on its way. Stereophonic effects have so far only been reproduced from magnetic tape or the sound-track of a film. Now the enterprising Pye organization has announced and demonstrated a perfected technique for recording and reproducing these effects from the conventional 33 r.p.m. disc. In simple words, the pick-up needle transmits two simultaneous sounds from opposite sides of the record groove into two loudspeakers. The devices are complex but the results are intriguing, and clearly permit the reproduction of more detailed sounds, while enabling the listener to hear directional contrasts.

The most remarkable recording demonstrated was of the organ at the Royal Festival Hall. This instrument is generally recognized as the hardest to record without jumbling and distorting the sound. The equipment, costing from £60, is adaptable to conventional records, while a rapidly increasing range of stereophonic records will be introduced to the public from June.

Selected Records

ELLA FITZGERALD—H.M.V. CLP1166; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.
 SARAH VAUGHAN—EmArcy EJL1273; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.
 JIMMY RUSHING—Vanguard EPP14003; E.P., 12s. 10½d.
 VICKY AUTIER—H.M.V. CLP1150; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.
 AFRICAN BALLE—Vogue VA160115; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.
 IAN ARMIT—Decca DFE6436; E.P., 11s. 5½d.



Vandyk

Miss Jean Rawstorne
 to **Mr. Colin Sholto A. Douglas**
 She is the elder daughter of Brig. & Mrs. G. S. Rawstorne of Rovie, Rogart, Sutherland. He is the eldest son of Brig. & Mrs. A. S. G. Douglas of Stourpaine House, Blandford, Dorset



Frank Spence

Miss Katherine Anne Ross-Wilson
 to **Mr. Charles Richard Conant**
 She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Ross-Wilson of Gaddesby, Leicestershire. He is the youngest son of Sir Roger Conant, Bt., C.V.O., M.P., & Lady Conant of Lyndon Hall, Oakham



Miss Felicity Broatch
 to **Mr. Richard Charles Sims**
 She is the daughter of Mr. R. W. Broatch of Salisbury and Mrs. Frank Bullock of Seale, Surrey, formerly of Port Said, Egypt. He is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Sims of Winchendon, Borrowdale, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia



Yeoman



Fayer

Miss Ailsa M. Strang
 to **Mr. David G. Morgan**
 She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Strang of Bedruthan, Tredegar, Monmouthshire. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Glyn Morgan of Newport, Monmouthshire



Paul Tanqueray

Miss Dorothea Mary Elizabeth Minchin
 to **Mr. John Henry Pless**
 She is the daughter of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. Minchin of Busherstown, Roscrea, Co. Tipperary. He is the eldest son of the late Prince and Princess of Pless



SOUTH PACIFIC.—Mitzi Gaynor (right), having washed that man right outa her hair, decides that, after all, she's in love with a wonderful guy (Rossano Brazzi). Left: France Nuyen is an attractive newcomer



CINEMA

Some (almost) enchanted evening

by ELSPETH GRANT

ON THE scores of screen acreage and volume of sound, *South Pacific*, produced in Todd-AO, can properly be described as immense. It is also immensely stagy. Mr. Joshua Logan, directing, has not only ignored the unprecedented opportunity for realistic presentation which the new process affords—he has deliberately heightened the film's theatrical effect by a curious and, I think, misguided use of coloured lighting. Periodically everything and everybody turns purple, young lovers assume an unbecoming tint of blue, magenta mists swirl across the landscape and the sky changes from a normal azure to an angry saffron and a livid green. I found this disconcerting and uncalled for.

On the same, the film—though it is over-long and sometimes a little slow—is certainly worth seeing. Miss Mitzi Gaynor gives an enchanting performance as the U.S. Navy nurse who, while stationed on a Pacific island, falls in love with a middle-aged local French planter—Signor Rossano Brazzi, a little wooden, I thought. She is deeply shocked to learn that he was once married to a Polynesian woman and has two European children: Signor Brazzi has to risk his life helping the Americans defeat the Japanese before she can bring herself to accept him.

There are beautiful performances from Miss Julieeta Hall as a knowing native woman trader, and Mlle. France Nuyen, a ravishing newcomer, as her flowerlike daughter, whose romance with a young U.S. Marine lieutenant (Mr. John Kerr) ends tragically. Comedy relief is supplied by brash Mr. Ray Walston and a horde of muscular, dance-mad sailors—and all the delightful songs (by Messrs. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II) are splendidly sung.

Weary though you may be, and as I am, of war films, I must nevertheless urge you to see *The Young Lions*. It is a strikingly intelligent and wholly absorbing picture based on Mr. Irwin Shaw's novel, brilliantly directed by Mr. Edward Dmytryk. It is concerned with the last war's effect on three utterly dissimilar young men—a thoughtful if deluded German (Mr. Marlon Brando), a timid American Jew (Mr. Montgomery Clift), and a self-centred singing star from Broadway (Mr. Dean Martin).

Mr. Brando, blonded and poured into a Wehrmacht lieutenant's uniform, sincerely believes at the outset that Hitler's influence on his nation and the world will prove to be a good one. He looks, as someone says, like a young golden god of war, but he dreams of peace and a unified Europe where everybody will enjoy a better life. His story is one of gradual disillusionment. His duties in Paris include rounding up

young boys for the enforced labour camps and this so disgusts him that he longs for a transfer.

One is arranged for him by his C.O.'s seductive wife (a dazzling performance by Miss May Britt) whom he meets while on leave in Berlin. He is posted to Rommel's Afrika Korps—only to find that the brutality of Nazi methods, the cold-blooded killing of unarmed men, further revolts him.

Meantime America has entered the war. Messrs. Clift and Martin are called up in the same army unit, a strongly anti-Semitic one, it would appear. Mr. Clift is persecuted by a sadistic captain and beaten up by the camp bullies. Mr. Martin's attempt to intervene is thwarted by the captain, who has him assigned to an entertainment unit and sent to London. Mr. Clift is left to fight his battles alone and he does so with such guts that he eventually earns the respect of his fellows. On active service in Europe he makes a good, resourceful soldier.

Mr. Martin, in London, is having a tussle with himself: he is at heart a cowardly lion but he has a conscience and when it comes to a choice between saving his skin or his self-respect he decides to settle for the latter. He applies for combat duty and is posted to the front—where he and Mr. Clift meet again.

The tide of war has turned and Mr. Brando, one of the many tattered stragglers from an army in defeat, is back in Germany. He wanders into a concentration camp and with what he sees there and what he learns from its odious commandant ("I have an extermination programme of 1,500 a day") his disillusionment is complete. He breaks and throws away his gun and sick with horror walks aimlessly about in the neighbouring woods.

The Americans, including Messrs. Clift and Martin, arrive at the concentration camp and are appalled by the terrible sights. They are strolling meditatively along the road, when from the woods emerges Mr. Brando. "A Kraut!" says Mr. Martin, crisply—and shoots him dead. Mr. Clift stands by—a melancholy witness who has had his fill of war and bloodshed.

In presenting the Nazi as a sympathetic fellow, the film has undoubtedly deviated from Mr. Shaw's original thesis—which was, if I understood it rightly, that Nazism corrupted everyone who embraced it. But the character created and very finely played by Mr. Brando is a perfectly credible and valid one and I don't quarrel with it, though Mr. Shaw may. The acting throughout is of the highest order and the battle sequences are magnificent.

Perhaps because he is aware that he can't act for toffee, Mr. Mario Lanza hardly ever stops singing in *The Seven Hills Of Rome*. If you are absolutely crazy about his voice (thousands are), you will not mind—but I am not and I did. I am for a quiet life and Mr. Lanza makes far too much noise. He plays a conceited American tenor pursuing a fugitive fiancée (Miss Peggy Castle). In Rome he runs into a long-lost Italian cousin (Signor Renato Rascel) and out of money. Signor Rascel and a nice Italian girl (Signorina Marisa Allasio), who has the misfortune to fall in love with Mr. Lanza, look after him and find him a singing job. Inevitably in the end, after predictable misunderstandings and a powerful lot of bellowing, Mr. Lanza discards Miss Castle in favour of Signorina Allasio. I felt she deserved a pleasanter fate. The film affords some glorious shots of Rome—is, in fact, a sort of super travelogue, in colour and with music.

TROUBLE SPOT.—Heightened political activity in Aden gives topical interest to a new French film *It Happened In Aden*, starring Dany Robin and Jean Bretonnière



The author, who will write every week for *The TATLER*, will select books, new and old, from her wide reading. She has been a journalist since she came down from Oxford, and her lively writing commands a growing following. She is married, with one daughter



BOOKS I AM READING

Napoleon in shirtsleeves

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

FOR all I know; it may be only to women and small, stout character-actors that Napoleon remains a hero any longer. For those still in the grip of the authentic imperial fever, the icy bath of *Napoleon In His Time* (Putnam, 30s.) may be fatal—it is nevertheless the most absorbing, entertaining, gossipy, enthralling, alarming book I have read for months. Edited and admirably linked by Jean Savant, in an excellent translation by Katherine John, it is a life-size, life-long portrait of the hero Josephine tartly referred to as the “little puss in boots” put together from contemporary conversations, documents, and candid eye-witness accounts.

“I expected a god, I saw only a stout man”—this, in spite of the occasional bursts of fervour and glimpses of the my-emperor-right-or-wrong passion which the plump visionary undoubtedly inspired, is the sour, aghast note that sings out of this dreadfully truthful book. Napoleon slapping Josephine, begging for some over-scented little pretty to be got out of his room late at night (he abominated scent), lying for hours in a steaming bath, hacking the arm of his chair to pieces with a penknife, munching liquorice, being catty about ladies who had been unable to resist him, sleeping at concerts, screaming at generals, complacently eyeing his dimpled, tapering, pretty pink-and-white hands, repeating “Friendship is only a word. I care for nobody”—it is a glumly unheroic figure that emerges, a tiny, pale-faced, cross creature, haunted by a horrid presentiment of an unsoldierly death in bed.

Hard to reconcile—even now that *la gloire* is so out of fashion—the daemonic figure, all streaming locks and banners and eagle-eyes and absolutely no middle-aged spread of the official portraits, with the man whose habit it was to approach women with some particularly unendearing remark such as “Goodness, what red arms you have!” The book is full of fear, contempt and tragedy—and also of some wildly comic and extraordinary scenes, such as the giggling court ladies frantically ripping the fleurs-de-lys off the great carpet at the Tuileries to reveal the covered bees once more in time for the triumphant return from Elba—and Napoleon’s bizarre sojourn at The Briars on St. Helena, where the 14-year-old Miss Betsy Balcombe romped with him, played whist with him for sugar-plums (the ex-Emperor

cheated wildly) and explained, to his amusement, why her infant brothers called him Bony.

By now there can be very few people who have not heard that your *aku-aku*, if you are an Easter Islander, is your private guardian spirit. On Easter Island they decided that Mr. Thor Heyerdahl’s *aku-aku* was practically irresistible, a belief widely shared by those living in colder islands without secret caves and long-eared stone giants. Like almost everyone else, I am enslaved by Mr. Heyerdahl, last of the Vikings. I entirely understand why the Easter Islanders gave him the run of the place, statues, burial-caves and all, as described in his *Aku-Aku* (Geo. Allen & Unwin, 21s.), and it is probably shockingly sentimental to feel a passing regret that now all their most private family customs and secret observances are secret no longer. That, after all, was what the expedition was for. And for the cheerful non-specialist nothing is more soothing than to think about red-headed sailors setting out for Easter Island a very long time ago, and a community that settled the caste-system according to the length of one’s ears.



At 15 Teresa Meredith, daughter of Mrs. Robert Hamond, of Morston Hall, Norfolk, has just had her first book of poems, *The Judas Tree*, published by Cromlech Press. She is still at Burgess Hill School

I am addicted to the work of Mr. Lawrence Durrell, whose writing is to me a siren-song, and *Balthazar* (Faber & Faber, 15s.), the second book in his big four-novel project on life and love in Alexandria, is such concentrated Durrell that it leaves you drugged and slightly groggy for several days afterwards. The first of the four books was *Justine*, and *Balthazar* takes the same scene and time and some of the same characters, but shifts the lighting and the eye-view. The narrator is a man with a monomania—the re-creation of his Alexandrian world on paper—and though Mr. Durrell calls the book’s central topic “an investigation of modern love,” it is also an investigation of true personality, if such a thing exists, especially in relation to the art of writing. “We live by selected fictions,” says *Balthazar*, “everything is true of everybody.” So there is dazzling Mr. Durrell, with his shining poet’s eye and his outrageous cleverness, slitting open hearts and minds and writing, if you can work it out, about a writer who is writing about Alexandria and also about how a writer writes about relative truth. . . .

There are three violent deaths, some very funny tragi-comedy, some brilliant set-pieces, and some timeless and terrifying characters as startling as heightened dream-figures (maybe this is partly because foot-loose Alexandrians seem to have all the time in the world to devote to investigating their emotions). It’s a little like experiencing a sharp attack of malaria, and I could no more summarize the action than “explain” the book, but Mr. Durrell is in process of making a world, quite unlike that of any other novelist, and that is no time to jog a man’s elbow.

André Maurois’s *September Roses* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) is a sort of impeccable model-girl of a novel, tremendously groomed and with well-defined eyebrows, about an ageing great writer torn between his elegant but also ageing wife and other younger attractions. These appetizers consist of Wanda, a rapacious artist who tries to lure him into sunbathing at Villefranche, and Lolita, a very passionate Peruvian actress who recites Lope da Vega to him when she isn’t singing inscrutably to the guitar. At a crucial moment in their tempestuous and literary affair, the great man actually thinks to himself “The die is cast.” The writing is very suave, wears a wistful, worldly-wise smile, and causes no pain. The witty jacket by the admirable Charles Mozley somehow led me to expect different.

I have also been reading *Shakespeare And His Betters* (Max Reinhardt, 21s.), a highly entertaining and thorough examination of all the theories on Who Wrote Shakespeare. More than twenty candidates have been put forward at one time or another, including Queen Elizabeth and a probably non-existent lady called Anne Whateley—thank God, Mr. R. C. Churchill, author of the book, holds that the plays were written by William Shakespeare, actor-dramatist.

The Ten Thousand Things (Secker & Warburg, 16s.), an adorable, haunting, magical book by Maria Dermout (her first book, at 70), half real, half legend, about a spice garden in the Moluccas, a life as brilliant and vivid as a humming-bird’s eye must see it . . . and *My Fair Lady* (Reinhardt & Constable, 18s.), the book of the musical of the play. “Critics have unanimously hailed *My Fair Lady*,” say the wide-eyed publishers, “as one of the most beautiful and witty plays in many years.” So, of course, was *Pygmalion*, but your copy of that won’t have Mr. Alan J. Lerner’s lyrics, some of which run on for several pages.

 BRIDE & HOME FEATURE

The dress for the day



Michel Molinare

ONCE the day has been chosen the problem is : the dress. Shall it be one that can easily be adapted for evening wear afterwards? Shall it be traditional, in slipper-satin and cut on princess lines? Or shall it be designed indisputably for today so that the wedding picture will in future years proclaim her a 1958 bride? Brides and their mothers often differ over this all-important decision on the

dress of a lifetime. Surely it is simply a question of what is going to show the bride to her best advantage? Considered in that way any of the styles shown in this fashion section may be equally suitable—the traditional white satins, the pink dress (*overleaf*) or the highly fashion-conscious silk organza gown designed by Dior (*above*), which is trimmed with orange blossom heads

Cotton piqué, though hardly a conventional wedding fabric, is effective when used by John Cavanagh. He has chosen the same line as Dior uses on the preceding page, the train of his dress being cut in one with the line of the body, and falling from the shoulders. Simone Mirman designed the pill-box headdress

Frankly 1958



Photographed at Ham House, Richmond, formerly the home of the Earls of Dysart, by permission of the Victoria & Albert Museum



Short enough in front to show a shadow-pink stocking and a slippered foot, this high-fashion wedding dress has lace tinted the merest pink. It is a Carina Martin Model from Harrods' Trousseau Room, photographed in their Antique department. The dress costs 80 gns.; the organza rose headdress and veil 12 gns.; the satin Dior shoes £8 18s. 6d. They are worn with Berkshire's barely pink stockings



A wedding dress with a hint of Edwardian romanticism. This Mercia model is made of pure silk organza mounted on paper taffeta and worn with many petticoats. It can be ordered to individual measurements through the following stores: Harvey Nichols, London; Joseph Johnson, Leicester; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Hendersons, Liverpool; and Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. The price: about 69 gns.

Organza brocade and lace



A ready-to-wear dress made entirely of Nottingham lace. It comes in several sizes and can of course be altered to fit individual measurements. The dress costs £31 10s.; the coronet and veil cost 42s. and £1 15s. 11d. respectively. All from Dickins & Jones. Bouquet by Pulbrook & Gould, 181 Sloane St., S.W.1. Daimler de Luxe from the Daimler Hire Company, Knightsbridge

Nostalgically Edwardian, this cream brocade wedding-dress (*left*) is worn with a headdress made of a single silk organza rose surmounting a circular silk veil. Liberty's, London, make it to order. The dress costs 38 gns.; the headdress complete 8½ gns. The bouquet is by Pulbrook & Gould, Sloane St.



The satin tradition

HEAVY pure-silk satin is the traditional choice for a wedding dress. Here it is used by two famous couturiers, Pierre Balmain of Paris (*right*) and Norman Hartnell of London (*this page*). Hartnell presents the bride with a two-purpose dress of white satin made by Winterthur of Dunfermline. When the jacket (to which is attached the huge bustle bow, the ends forming the train) is removed, the dress beneath is ready for a ball. Its bodice is of apple-green satin embroidered with white paillettes. The headdress was specially designed by Claude St. Cyr





Michel Molinare

Youthful simplicity is suggested in this couture dress by Pierre Balmain. It is in ivory pure-silk satin, and has a satin train that drops from the shoulders. The buttons down the front are of the same material as the dress

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

You can take it with you



IF EVER a girl goes in for a beautiful *négligée* it will be on her honeymoon. But in searching for the prettiest garments she can find, she must also be practical. The clothes must travel in a minimum of space and arrive uncreased, for no bride wants to be confronted with ironing problems at her destination. Of course nylon is the answer. Here is a calf-length nylon nightie (*above*) trimmed with perlon lace, which besides being so pretty has a companion *négligée* discreet enough for receiving the



waiter with the breakfast tray. Made in either blue, rose or turquoise the *négligée* costs 8½ gns., the nightie 6 gns., both at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. For the girl who does not like to show her ankles or alternatively feels a long *négligée* is more romantic, there is the flocked nylon *négligée* (*opposite*), which costs 14 gns. also obtainable at Harvey Nichols. It has a matching nightie (7½ gns.) trimmed with perlon and comes in the colours of blossom pink, blue and white





Candlesticks give a romantic touch to the dressing table. A pair is included in this set, of which all the items, including the brushes, mirror and jars, are decorated with roses. They can be bought separately (£22 15s. the set). Marshall & Snelgrove

SHOPPING

Presents for a bride

by JEAN STEELE



This bee-shaped honey pot is an ornament as well as a container. It is made in Mappin & Webb plate (£8 19s. 6d.). From Mappin & Webb



Dull, heavy cooking utensils have no place in a young wife's first kitchen. Instead there are such gay articles as this sauté pan with an ivy-leaf design (£6 10s.). Asprey & Co., Ltd.



Dennis Smith

Matching staghorn handles are fitted on this Sheffield-steel carving set, which includes meat carvers, game carvers, ham slicer, fork and steel (£19 5s.). Mappin & Webb



To wish the bride and bridegroom "good luck" this leather and gilt travel clock is shaped like a horseshoe (£17 10s.). Mappin & Webb

the name

of authority

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys jacket of natural black musquash



Robert Green



June Oliver

A youthful hair style by Simon. It is smart and easy to manage. The line depends on good cutting and suggests the 1920 fashions without being too exaggerated. The backless bra by "Kestos" (left) is made of nylon matt and nylon elastic with front fastening. The wired cups are trimmed with nylon lace and there is a detachable halter strap. See the last question below

BEAUTY

Question time for brides

by JEAN CLELAND

BRIDES are in no need of advice as to how to look beautiful on THE DAY. Excitement and happiness can be relied upon to take care of that. What they may welcome is some tips on how the radiance and good looks may be kept after the wedding.

Here are some of the questions frequently asked, together with answers from the experts.

? "How can I keep my hair from getting frizzy? I like to go without a hat when on holiday, but I find that wind, sun and rain all tend to be drying. This makes it difficult to keep the hair sleek and in place."

Take a good conditioning cream with you when you go away. You can get an excellent make—such as that made by French of London—put up in a tube all ready for use. A little squeezed in the palm of the hand, and smoothed lightly over the whole head, removes dryness and "frizziness" and keeps the hair in good shape.

? "I have a very sensitive skin that quickly gets red and inflamed after exposure to either wind or sun. How can I prevent this?"

Use a protective foundation cream. There are various reliable makes from which to choose,

but you must be quite sure what you want them to do. If you don't wish to get tanned at all, you must get a cream that entirely prevents this. If you want to stop the harmful rays of the sun from penetrating and encourage a nice tan at the same time, you can get a different kind of cream which will do this. If you wish to look brown right away, you can get creams which give a synthetic tan that is most realistic.

? "I have a most annoying nose that shines on the least provocation. Can you tell me how I can keep it matt?"

Just get a little bottle of Elizabeth Arden's "Noshine," smooth a spot over the tip of your nose, and then apply foundation cream and powder as usual, and all should be well.

? "My skin is extremely dry and should have plenty of rich skin food to keep it in good condition. I hate the idea of putting this on at night when I am married. Can you suggest any alternative?"

Yes, you can achieve good results by massaging your face with skin food directly you get up in the morning, and leaving this on while you are in the bath. The steam from the hot water opens

the pores and enables the cream to penetrate more quickly. If there are any specially dry patches, massage these once or twice a week with Elizabeth Arden's "Healing Cream." This is a quick-working preparation that speedily softens roughness and scaliness, and makes the skin beautifully smooth.

? "Can you tell me of a good preparation for keeping the legs smooth and free from hair? I like to go stockingless while on holiday, which means that my legs must look well-groomed."

Elizabeth Arden makes an excellent preparation called "Sleek" which should be just right for what you want. It comes in a tube, which is easy to pack, and it is very convenient for use while away.

? "What should I use in the way of beauty preparations to keep my skin in good condition? It is oily and inclined to open pores and occasional spots?"

Helena Rubinstein makes an excellent range for the "young skin" which she calls "Pink Quartet." This has four preparations—"Medicated Cream" for blemishes and spots, "Beauty Washing Grains" for correcting oily skin and open pores, "Skin Clearing Cream" for massage, "Deep Cleanser" for cleansing the skin. These can all be bought separately if desired.

? "I expect to bathe a lot on my holiday, and I do not like the idea of my make-up 'running' in the water. Is there any good make-up that stays put?"

Yes, Helena Rubinstein makes a Waterproof Mascara, and a Waterproof Lipstick.

? "I have some backless evening frocks, can you recommend a backless bra to go with them?"

You will see a picture of an excellent one by "Kestos" on this page.

Messrs. HORNE BROS.—The price of a bespoke suit in All Wool, Terylene/Worsted or Acrilan/Worsted was mistakenly given as £5 15s. in an advertisement in the April 16 issue. The correct price is £15 5s.

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MOTORING

Cars fit for a king

by GORDON WILKINS

IF YOU have not secured your Phantom IV Rolls-Royce, I fear it may be too late, for I understand the manufacturers are no longer accepting orders. Those regal eight-cylinder models may well be regarded as the most exclusive cars in the world and I doubt if more than two dozen have been built. This was the model which finally established Rolls-Royce in royal favour. When King Edward VII first became interested in automobiles he turned down the cars offered by the handsome young C. S. Rolls and bought a Daimler. In consequence the Royal Family went on using Daimlers for over 40 years. The tradition was only broken when Her Majesty the Queen as Princess Elizabeth bought the first Phantom IV, still a familiar sight on royal occasions with its silver statuette of St. George and the Dragon on the radiator.

Other owners of a Phantom IV include Princess Margaret and the Duke of Gloucester. The Shah of Persia has one and Princess Soraya used to have a lovely two-door convertible. General Franco has three, with armour-plate, and the Sheikh of Kuwait is also an owner.

The Phantom IV was never offered for sale and the price was never revealed. Nor was mere ability to pay the price sufficient to secure one, as some rich men have discovered. Orders were accepted only after consultation with the directors and, in some cases, after informal conversations with the Foreign Office.

Probably the only car of comparable rarity in recent times was the fabulous Bugatti Royale. It is said that every candidate for ownership was first entertained at the Hostellerie du Pur Sang at Molsheim by the eccentric genius who was such a fervent hippophile that he made his radiator in the outline of a stirrup. Suitable applicants cannot have been numerous, as Bugatti constructed only seven of these vast 2½-ton machines, with their 12½-litre straight-eight engines of 300 horse-power.

I suppose the nearest recent equivalent in the United States is the Chrysler Imperial Presidenziale with bodywork by Ghia. It was hoped to build 100, but in view of the American recession I should be surprised if as many as 50 have been sold. Imperial saloons unpainted and untrimmed were shipped to Turin, where Ghia finished them in Italian custom style. One of the first was delivered to President Eisenhower—but even the head of the richest democracy in the world has to suffer the attentions of nationalist invigilators and at one time it looked as though the Italian content of the Presidential conveyance might become a political issue.

The rulers of the Middle East oil states do not suffer from any such inhibitions and a year or so ago a fleet of 20-ft. Cadillacs complete with refrigerators and radio-telephones was built by Ghia for Saudi Arabia. They had two retractable platforms on each side with handgrips so that four bodyguards could ride on the car on occasions of ceremonial display and possibly civil dispute.

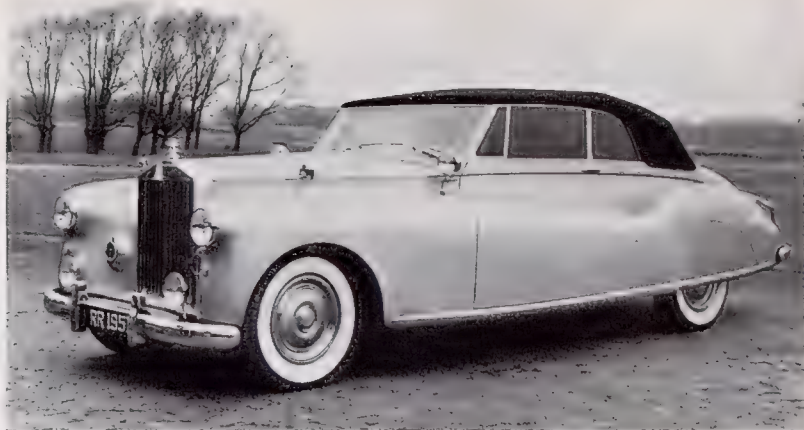
France has at present nothing in this class, neither has Germany. But thumbing through some old files, I came across a picture of one of the famous 50-h.p. Renaults of 1908 which conformed with the aristocratic code of the time by leaving the hired men out in the wet, though they probably enjoyed a certain amount of warmth thanks to the unusual position of the radiator.

The tax collector has practically terminated the production of large cars in modern France and the problem of transporting President Coty in state was resolved by taking one of the old-type 6-cylinder Citroëns and fitting it with elegant convertible bodywork by Chapron which attracted much attention when the Queen rode in it on her state visit.

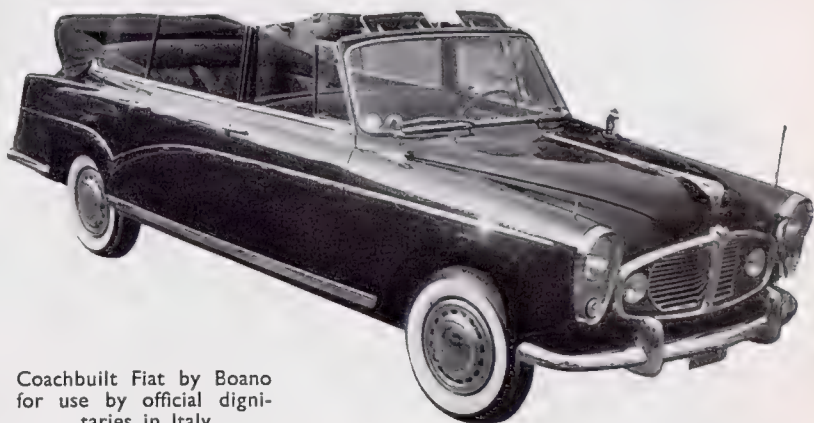
Italy, too, is short of large cars suitable for state occasions, but Fiat recently produced a fleet of long-wheelbase Fiat 1900 cars with special drophead limousine bodies by Boano for use by state and civic dignitaries.

During the past week or two there has been an entertaining exhibition of old cars at the Renault showrooms on the Avenue Hoche in Paris, including a superb Sage of about 1907 which seemed to provide the answer to many motoring problems. It had three bodies in perfect preservation—a limousine, an open tourer and a sports two-seater—and apparently the chauffeur, assisted by the footman, could change from one body to another in an hour.

Renault Ltd. wish to make clear that no bench-type front seat is available on the Dauphine. The illustration on this page in the issue of 16 April was of the interior of a Frégate.



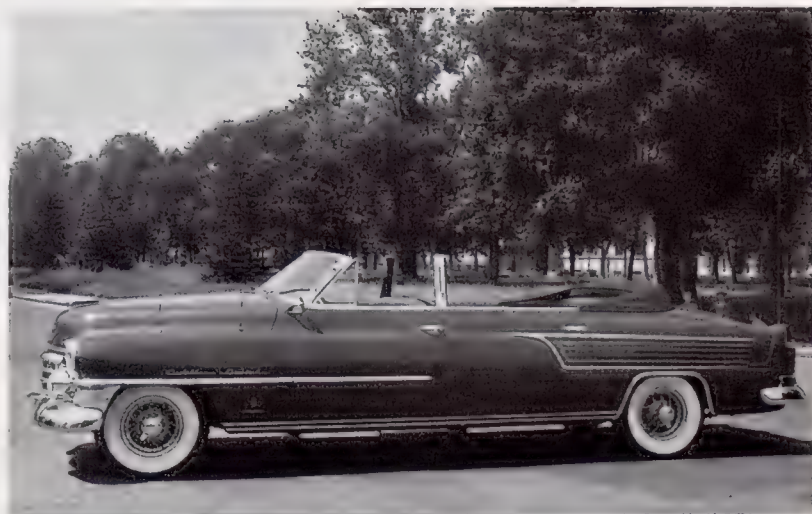
Built specially for the Shah of Persia this Mulliner-bodied Phantom IV Convertible was used by his queen, now Princess Soraya



Coachbuilt Fiat by Boano for use by official dignitaries in Italy



This Chrysler with Ghia body, intended for President Eisenhower, caused political bother



Special Cadillacs like this, combining features from models of several years, were supplied to King Saud of Saudi Arabia. Note aerials for radio-telephone

Banish dry skin!

NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT
BRINGS DEWY-SMOOTH BEAUTY



World beauty authority Helena Rubinstein has perfected a special range of preparations... formulated expressly to combat the dangers of a dry skin, to eliminate all signs of tautness and flaking, and actively prevent ageing lines and wrinkles. Here is Helena Rubinstein's simple routine for you to follow.

START by cleansing your skin with Helena Rubinstein's nourishing PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL. This is a rich blend of emollients, specially formulated for dry skin. As you work it over your face and neck, it sinks deep into the pores, seeking out every speck of dirt and make-up... melting away all signs of flakiness... leaving your skin spotlessly clean, soft and supple. PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL, 9/-.



THE NEXT STEP is to nourish your skin with Helena Rubinstein's youthifying PERFECTION CREAM, rich in soothing oils and herbal extracts that are especially beneficial to tired, dry skins. Pat it on after you have cleansed your face and neck—and leave it on to work for you overnight. As your facial muscles relax in sleep, it sinks deep into your skin... feeding back precious oils to thirsty tissues and parched skin areas—ensuring that you wake to find your skin revitalised, soft and supple. PERFECTION CREAM 10/-.

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GOTHENBURG. The extensive harbour is regularly visited by vessels of all types. Gothenburg is Sweden's greatest seaport

GO NORTH FOR A HONEYMOON continued from page 294

After an enforced hibernation they spend every available minute out of doors.

About half an hour's drive from the city is the attractive little appendix-resort of Långedrag at the mouth of the harbour. Here is a landscape which is visually remote and quite unlike anything I have ever seen. The pale sea is marbled with a collection of minute, flat little islets covered with moss and tundra. The remoteness is deceptive. One is seldom out of earshot of the phut-phut of motor-boats, for this is a favourite place for weekend sailing and for small boats of every kind. There is also a large and civilized restaurant where Swedish décor blooms at its contemporary best from behind a plate glass wall, with terraces leading down to the boatyards.

Swedish food is altogether something to look forward to (prices approximate to the English scale). One of the most famous restaurants in Gothenburg itself is the Henriksberg, overlooking the docks. Our choice was heavily endorsed by the taxi driver.

"You must take the sole Walewska, cooked with the lobster and cream," he enjoined, his head at right angles over his shoulder as we sped through the park. This Gallic attitude was reinforced when we swept across the road and braked to a smart standstill outside the restaurant, narrowly missing a motor-cyclist and passenger. However, the driver was right about the sole Walewska. I never ate a better one. But its greatest appeal and the reason why, for me, the Henriksberg joins the ranks of memorable restaurants is its view of the ocean-going liners and the dizzying effect which all this had on one's speculations of future travel: an unbeatable mixture for all romantics.

Other restaurants of note are the Frimurarlogen, the Commerce and the Lorensberg. This latter, a 100-year-old establishment of great repute, has been rebuilt adjoining the newest hotel, the Park Avenue (which also has an excellent restaurant of its own). The Grand and Eggers Hotels are, on the other hand, old-fashioned, leathery and Teutonic but perhaps have more atmosphere.

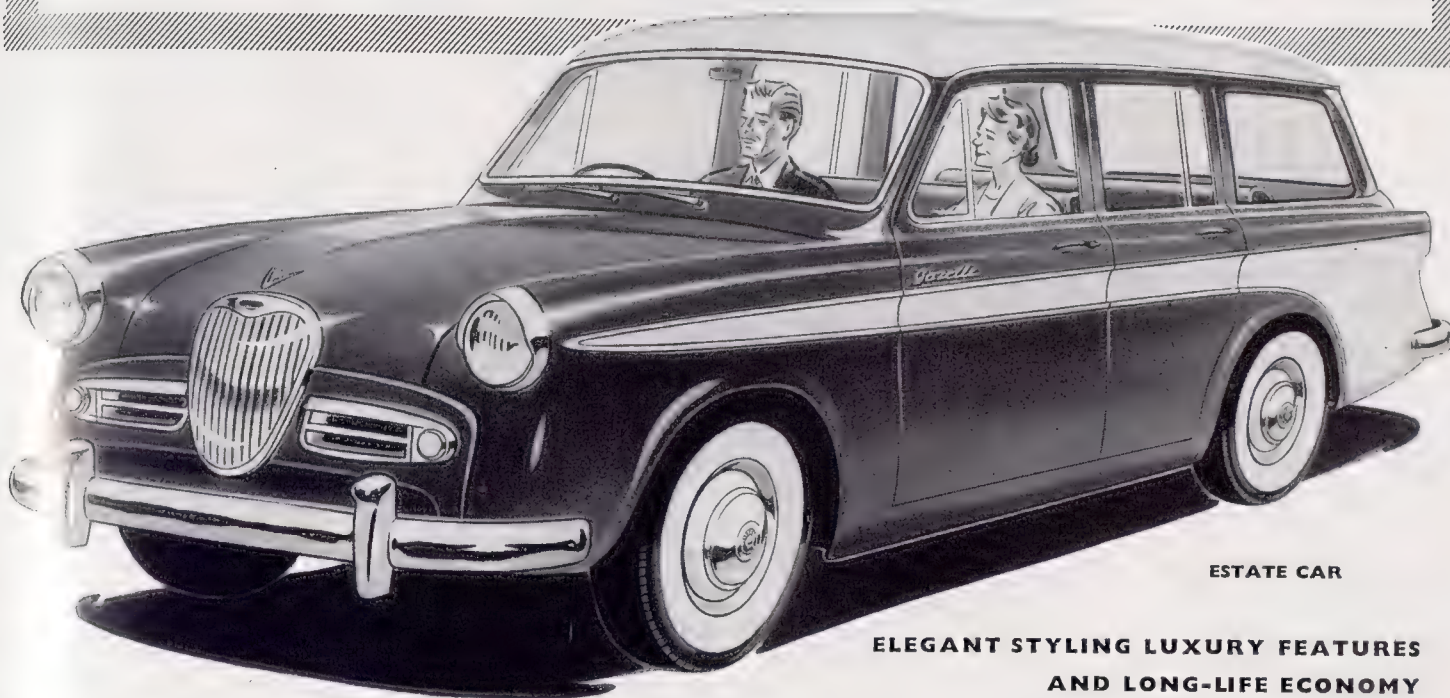
Shopping in Gothenburg is rewarding. You can buy the famous Swedish glass, china and stainless-steel kitchenware for about a third of the London price. Lovely knitwear, and well-cut ready-to-wear dresses and sports clothes are not expensive. Crocodile handbags for £7 10s., and Swedish silver cigarette and powder cases for around £6 alert most people's magpie instinct. At one of the best department stores, Ferdinand Lundquist, guides and interpreters are provided and are most helpful because the Swedish language is not, I found, one of those in which one can muddle along.

Gothenburg is three hours by air from London (night flight return is £31, B.E.A. or S.A.S.; day flights £59 12s. and £44 15s.). By sea, Swedish-Lloyd run twice weekly sailings in each direction, £17 10s. for a two-berth cabin, first class, one way. One of these leaves Gothenburg on a Saturday night, and delivers you, full of sea air and good food, to St. Pancras Station at 9.45 on the Monday morning. There is also a Royal Mail Line cruise to the northern capitals which takes in Stockholm. This year it starts on 30 June and lasts 18 days.

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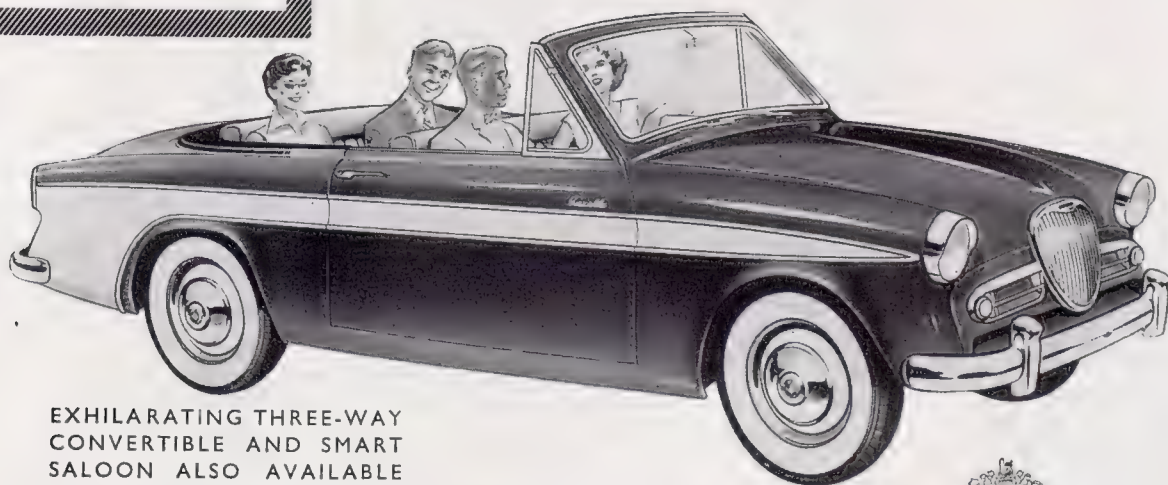
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Jean Darroze, proprietor of the Hôtel Darroze at Villeneuve-de-Marsan (Landes), with his son Robert, who is maître chef de cuisine

DINING OUT

Wine at £50 a bottle

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THIS is the end of our three weeks of "dining out" in France and Spain. Before I left the Hôtel du Bearn at Oloron-St. Marie in the Basses-Pyrénées for Spain, I mentioned to René Darroze, son-in-law of Jean Lardonnère, the proprietor, whom he helps in running the hotel, that on my return from Spain I had to visit Mont-de-Marsan in the district of the Landes. I was glad I did because he volunteered the information that his father, Jean Darroze, had a hotel a few miles away at Villeneuve-de-Marsan, called the Hôtel Jean Darroze, which, he said, was not only a gastronomic shrine, but had one of the finest wine cellars in France. His father was a Lauréat de l'Académie du Vin de France and also one of the judges of the wines of the Hospice de Beaune.

So our first stop, after San Sebastian, was at the Hôtel Darroze at Villeneuve-de-Marsan and we were delighted. The hotel is a smart and family affair. Jean Darroze is "king of all he surveys"; his son, Robert, is maître chef de cuisine; another son, Francis, is head of the reception department and makes everybody very much at home.

The specialties of the house are astonishing and during the three days we stayed there we consumed substantial quantities of Foie Gras des Landes and Grive Rôti (the average Englishman regards this rather like bull-fighting, because a "grive" is a thrush and he'd rather hear them sing than eat them); the Salmis de Palombes (wild pigeon) Landaise was delicious, so was the Anguille (eel) à la mode Villenuevoise.

I could go on for ever, but I cannot leave out the wine list, which was fantastic. It contained over 450 wines and the most expensive was 50,000 francs per bottle. In case you think I am talking nonsense I will repeat it in English: one bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild 1806 = £50 (Fifty Pounds). When I suggested it might be quite undrinkable I thought I was going to be asked to leave the hotel immediately. There were many other astonishing wines at £30 or £25 per bottle; an 1873 Château d'Yquem was priced at £20, and so on. There were hundreds of wines at £2, £3, £4, £5, £6, £8 and £10 a bottle. I hasten to add in all fairness that, if you had the courage, you could find a bottle at about 10s. or a carafe of red, white or rosé for about 5s. A gay, comfortable and friendly hotel—not on one of the standard tourist routes.

So on towards the coast and home, stopping for two nights at another friendly place, "L'Auberge," in the Rue Plumejeau in Cognac. The streets were filled with people whistling "Colonel Bogey" from the film *Le Pont de la Rivière Kwai*, which was on at the time and a huge success.

As the cost of hotels in France seems a constant topic of conversation, the bill for my wife and I for two single rooms (we made no reservation and there were no "doubles" left), with hot and cold, bidets, &c.; breakfasts; dinners off some of the chef's specialties and wines, plus the odd Cognac or so, came to £10 10s. for two, for two days, including tips, and we wine and dined well on both evenings.

Here I paid a visit to Guy Castillon whose firm of Castillon & Co. has the largest distillery in the town of Cognac.

He explained that for a "refresher" you could mix the ordinary Three-Star brandies with anything, such as orange squash, lime juice and soda, and sparkling grape fruit. I tried some of these on a warm and sultry morning, well chilled, and they were quite a success. To put anything with the 1921 Castillon, of which he gave me a bottle, would have been sacrilege.



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DINING IN

Add a touch of the sun

by HELEN BURKE



ONLY a few weeks ago, I was picking oranges in Israel. The vast orange groves were a sight never to be forgotten—the dark, glossy evergreen leaves and the golden fruit. White blossom and fruit were on the trees at the same time. Even before one reached the groves, the perfume of the blossom made one aware of their vicinity.

Fruit which is picked in the sun and immediately consumed always seems juicier and better flavoured, though I must say that the Jaffa oranges I bought here in London on my return seemed equally delicious.

Surprisingly enough, there were fewer orange dishes than I expected, but I did pick up some good ones.

A fruit-fish salad I particularly liked was a mixture of orange and grapefruit segments, moistened with mayonnaise, sprinkled with paprika and garnished with flaked cooked white fish caught in the Mediterranean near my hotel. Oranges figured in fruit salads and as a garnish for duck (as used here at home) but the one dish I want to set down before I forget it is Poulet en Cocotte à l'Orange. It is delicious.

For 4 people, disjoint a roasting chicken, making 4 pieces of breast, 4 of legs and 2 wings, first chopping off the wing tips. Scrape the meat back from the drum-sticks and chop off the bones. Remove the fillets from the chicken's back. Put the carcass, wing tips, cut-off bones and giblets (but not the liver) in a pot. Add a bouquet garni, a chopped onion, a clove and pepper and salt to taste. Cover with cold water and simmer, with the lid on, for 1 to 1½ hours.

Meanwhile, mix together a good pinch each of grated nutmeg, curry-powder, pepper and salt and 2 pinches of paprika. Sprinkle the mixture over the pieces of chicken, work it well into them, then pass them through flour. Fry them to a golden brown all over in 2 oz. butter and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Transfer them to a casserole.

In the same pan, fry a chopped onion, 3 oz. quartered white mushrooms (first sprinkled with lemon juice), the sliced liver and, if you have them, two extra livers. Add a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and transfer all to the casserole. Add ½ pint strained chicken stock and between ¼ and ½ pint orange juice. Cover and cook gently for 1 hour at 355 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 4.

The sauce should be thick enough. If not, blend about a teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water and stir it into the hot mixture.

Fried avocado pear makes a good garnish. (There are orchards of these pears in Israel). Skin and stone the halved pear, then cut it into slices and fry at once on both sides in a little butter.

At a friend's house we were given a Bavarian Orange Pie. Roll 1½ cups sweet biscuits between two sheets of greaseproof paper. Add to the crumbs ½ cup melted butter and one-third cup sugar and mix all very well together. Line an 8-inch shallow pie plate with the mixture, pressing it well in and flat. Chill.

Melt together 4 oz. marshmallows and a teacup of orange juice in a pan large enough to hold all the ingredients. When cold and on the point of setting, fold in ¼ pint whipped cream and 2 very stiffly beaten egg whites. When all these ingredients are well blended, turn the mixture into the prepared "shell" and leave to set. Sprinkle the top of this sweet with chopped skinned pistachio nuts—or leave it as it is. A dessertspoon of dry sherry is very pleasant in the mixture.

There is a very clean-tasting and easily-prepared orange sweet made this way: Cut the tops off the stem ends of 2 to 3 washed and dried oranges. Make long cuts down the sides of the oranges with a sharp knife and peel off the skin in quarters or eighths. Remove the pith. Cut the peel into very thin slices and simmer them in a little water until they are soft. Add a little sugar and simmer until the peel is clear. Leave to become cold. Remove the pith from the peeled oranges, then cut them across in slices and quarter them. Place in a glass dish and pour the peel and its syrup over them. Add a measure of Grand Marnier or Curaçao then chill a little before serving.



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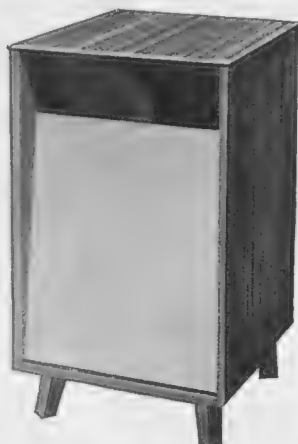
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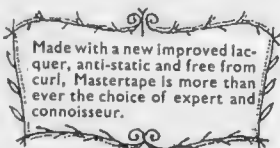
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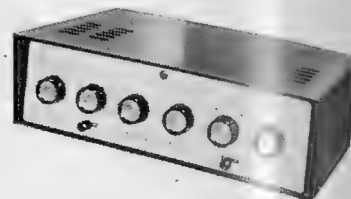
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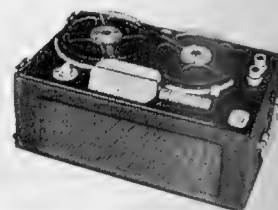
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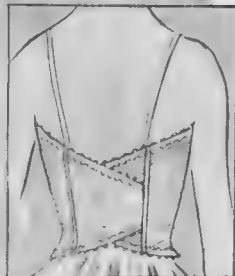
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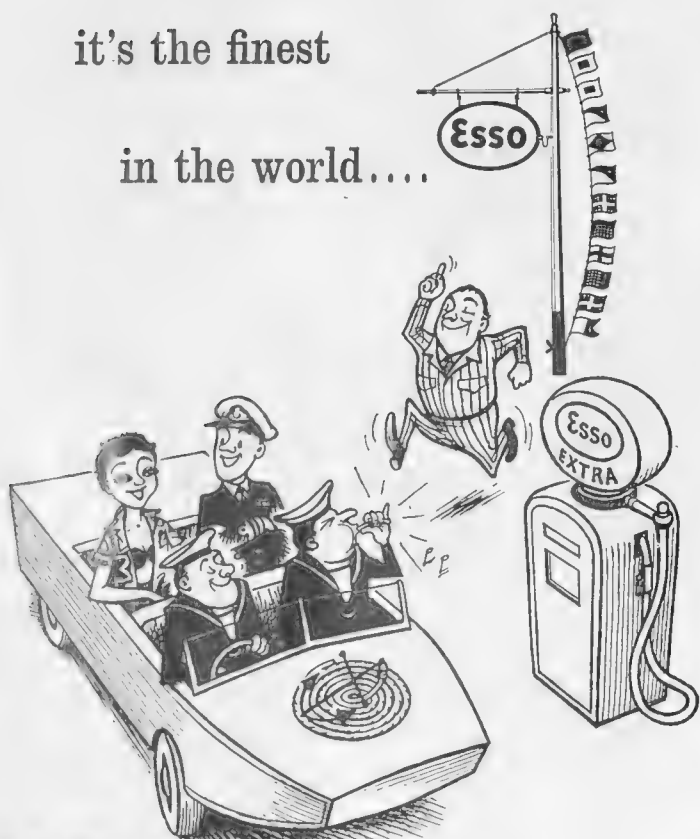
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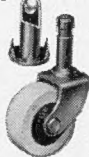
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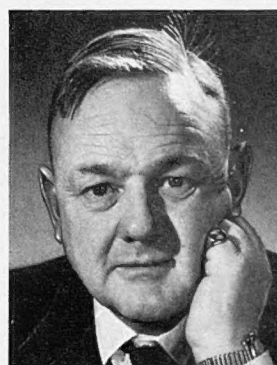


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The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM, Q.C. APPEALS FOR CANCER RESEARCH

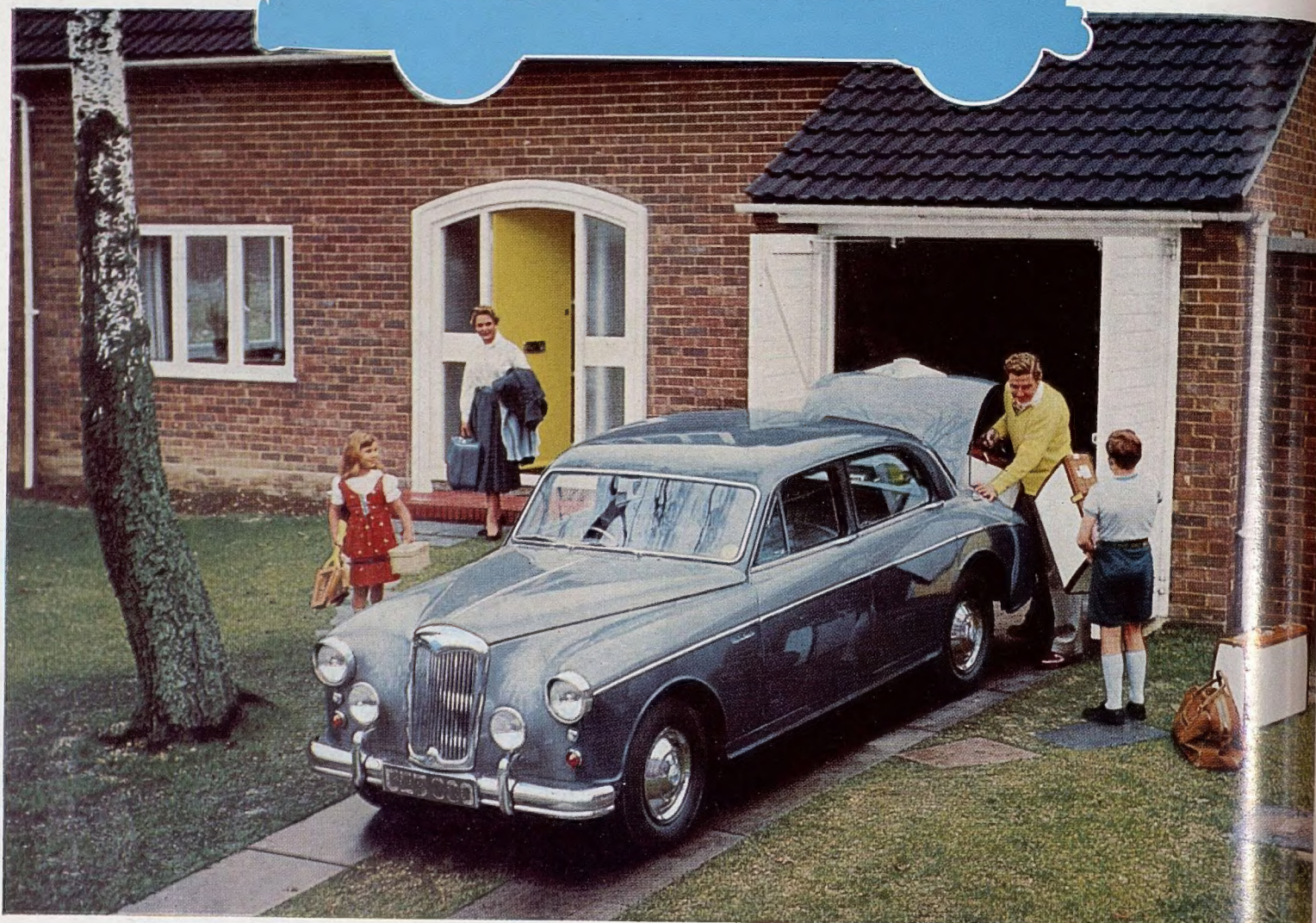
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